

Arts & Decoration

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Drawing Room in an old Château—Painted by Walter Gay

Courtesy of the Wildenstein Galleries

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Under All Sport—The Land

from AN EDITORIAL IN THE SPORTSMAN FOR JULY, 1932

UNDERNEATH ALL SPORT lies the land. Even yachtsmen know that this is true, for beneath the waters lie rocks and shoals, and every voyage ends in a landfall. But particularly for the man who rides or hunts or shoots or fishes, or for the man who breeds livestock, whether it be game chickens or shorthorn cattle, for the mountain climber or the golfer, mother earth is the indispensable partner in his undertakings. The land, the earth, has great and subtle virtues and no man knows this better than the sportsman. It might almost be said that the land, country land, is the mother of sport. So true is this, at least, that the cockney sportsman, the city dweller who goes afield for sport as his occasions permit, has always been a rather ridiculous, an unreal figure, a perennial Mr. Winkle, a week-end squire.

And if it is hard to think of a confirmed cockney as a sportsman, it is equally hard to think of a country dweller who is not almost forced by circumstances into being a sportsman of one kind or another. Before he knows it he has taken up skating or swimming or shooting or this or that. Such is the law of the land—that even as we work it, even as we labor in the sweat of our brows, it should whisper, “here is a compensation, here is release and relaxation. I may weary and impoverish you, but in my coverts are woodcock and in my streams are shy brook trout. *You* know where they are and in your spare time, if you have any, you can find them.” Under all sport, the land.

* *

So strongly do we feel the connection between sport and country living that from the founding of this magazine we have hoped to connect the two activities or interests in our editorial scheme. For a number of reasons we have focused our attention on sport and have left the

land and country life more or less out of the picture. To a certain extent this has been due to the nature of the “country” magazines. There are a number of these in whose titles the word “country” or “garden” appears and which are concerned chiefly with bulbs and borders, with Mr. Doodlesack’s rather amusing indoor tennis court on Long Island, or with the smart young matrons who smirked at the camera at Far Hills. We have had no desire to compete in this



field nor to imitate that snobbery which enjoys pictures and text concerning the country relaxations of tired millionaires.

* *

Most of our readers, however, have their stake in the land. Most of them, perhaps, have taken up country pursuits or purchased country estates as a side issue in their busy lives, as a retreat and a release from their everyday activities. In the boom times—now happily over—they could afford such luxuries, but in these pinched, penurious days,

the sportsman’s farm has become in most instances a serious liability. He is loath, as everyone is who loves the land, to give it up or even to reduce wages and curtail expenses. The land is a jealous mistress and must be fed and pampered. How to do it, how to put in the new buildings and equipment in an efficient and economical manner, how to construct a swimming pool or a stable or a tennis court—these are the questions continually coming into this office from subscribers who labor under the delusion that we are wiser than they.

* *

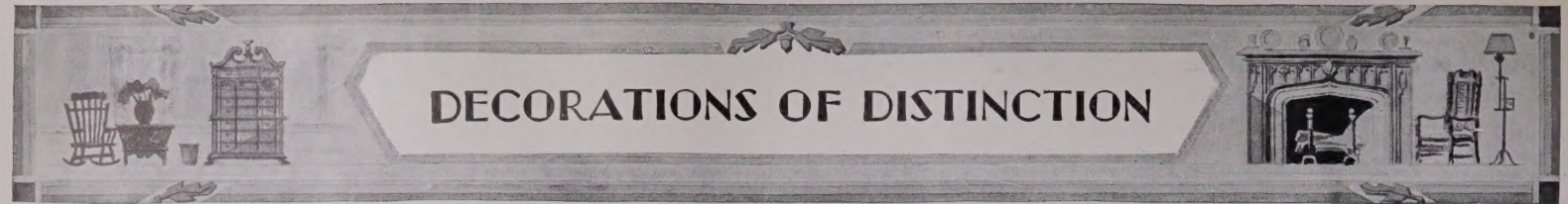
It is in answer to their questions and to our own feeling for the land as the sportsman’s home, that we inaugurate a new department in this issue of the magazine. It is edited by Mr. Charles Sumner Bird, Jr., a sportsman and a country gentleman, and

it is devoted to the discussions of the problems of the sportsman’s country estate. It will take up such questions as farm accounting, the choice of a superintendent, cash crops, the principles of breeding, profitable capital expenditures beyond the powers of the dirt farmer, game preservation, farm and sporting building, etc., etc. It will have nothing to do with “society” as such and there will be nothing whatever *chic* about it. The near-squires and the tweedier than tweed girls from Park Avenue who see the country only when they miss a tame pheasant in a Long Island butt or pose crouching on squat sticks at a race meeting, will find little or nothing to interest them in this department or, for that matter, in this magazine. But the genuine sportsmen and sportswomen who have a feeling for the soil and a stake in this land of ours will find in it, we are certain, much that will be valuable and helpful.

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LARS

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From the Smart Shops and Antique Galleries

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

Chippendale mahogany supper table; Worcester lamp with bronze base and harmonizing taffeta shade; Chippendale armchair in red damask. Courtesy Thorval, 805 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

Colorful handmade linen runner sets showing blue, yellow green, reds, and black. Same designs in tea, bridge and informal luncheon cloths. Courtesy Leron, Inc., 745 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

FURNITURE, breathing the atmosphere of the stately yet comfortable 18th Century English period prevails throughout the spacious new galleries of Thorval, in all the essentials for the living room, library and dining room. Accompanying this are the many supplementary accessories that may be used consistently, such as decorative portraits of that time, which introduce a telling spot of bright color as an overmantle decoration; old sporting prints, flower subjects and glass paintings; silver inkwells, boxes and wine coolers, so effectively transformed into present-day flower holders. All these are to be found within

Sphere on chromium base; after-dinner coffee service for two, in lacquered silver; chromium bird tray and imported lobster plate. Courtesy Pitt Petri, Lobby Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y. C.

the galleries, in a large pine paneled room that serves as an appropriate setting for such a display. Tailored lamp shades, also, are made a study, applied to old lamp bases of Chinese and English porcelains.

HOUSEHOLD linens, in their varying moods of luxurious dignity and colorful, trifling gaiety, cast an irresistible spell at Leron's, in a tempting display for all uses, as, for example, the new imported linen sheets of the smoothest texture, all white, except for a broad colored hem with appliqué and monogram. The pillow cases are made to match.

Then for the table, there are the colored runner sets, illustrated, and cloths of the same design, so desirable for informal entertaining, such as the late supper or intimate



DECORATIONS OF DISTINCTION



Antique tomb pottery equestrian figure, green crepe shade; Japanese brocade, yellow marble cigarette box and bookends made from carved and gilded Chinese architectural house detail. Courtesy Yamanaka & Co., 680 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

DECORATIVE accessories, amusing yet most useful, fill the Waldorf shop of Pitt Petri, in a bewildering display. Here is to be found the newest and smartest decoration in cocktail glasses and beverage sets with their accompanying trays and unusual little tables on which to place them. Everything for the bar, too, is to be had as well as adorable bathroom and dressing table toilet sets.

Distinctive lamps share their interest with colorful flower holders, such as those of Bohemian ruby crystal, filled with artificial flowers in which white predominates, that have won such popularity. Among the more substantial items are decorated hampers, waste

luncheon. For somewhat more formal occasions are the exquisite embroidered and appliquéd organdie runner sets and cloths—one showing a border of deer and giraffes, embroidered in white on white. The new organdie cocktail napkins are appliquéd with white linen. Then there are silk cloths, in peach and ivory, with a soft satin surface and self-toned flowered borders or bands, that are sure to spell success for any dinner table setting.

Among bedroom accessories, the blanket covers of peach crepe and Alençon lace vie with those showing white satin appliquéd borders. A complete set for a bed in dainty, Dresden flowered crepe, any color, comprising a comfortable, blanket cover and pillow case is fascinating for a young girl's room. Smart bath sets are embroidered with dogs or a hunter and horse, or are shown with effective, vari-colored Basque borders and monograms.



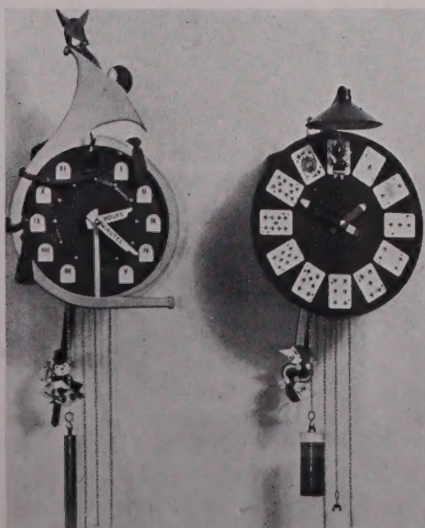
Louis XV painted canvas screen, natural flower colorings on green ground. Copy of original panel in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Courtesy Venezian Art Screen Co., Inc., 540 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C.

baskets, and washable handmade rugs, of modern design. Not to be overlooked as well, are the entertaining animals, for both children and adults, that include a grotesque mountain goat.

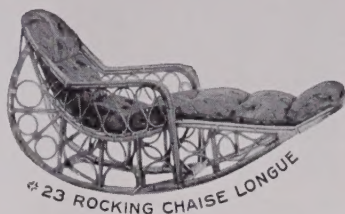
ORIENTAL art of outstanding interest and value has become so identified with the firm of Yamanaka & Co. that it needs no further introduction other than to individualize the various items that, at this season, so fittingly apply to house decoration.

As a particularly appealing

Cuckoo clocks of original design showing hunting emblems, at left, and those of the gaming table, at the right. Courtesy Howard & Schaffer, Inc. 509 Mad. Ave., N.Y.C.



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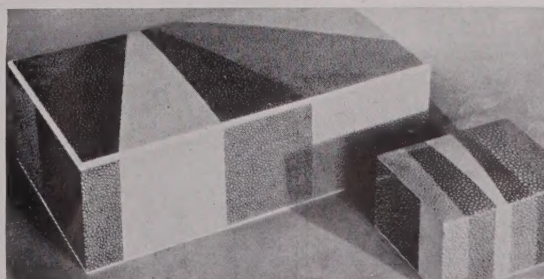
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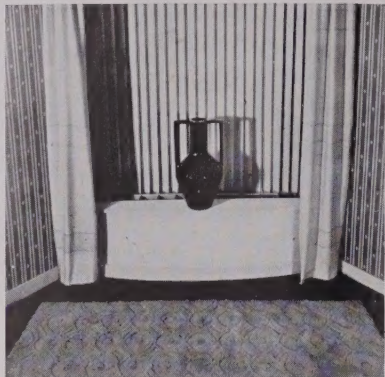
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Modern window treatment with "Ventilighter" window blind; white hand-woven curtains with silver thread and white rug with two-level clipping. Black pottery vase. Courtesy Frances T. Miller, 10 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C.

feature, is the bronze lotus-shaped flower bowl. This is available in a number of new sizes and shapes, in which sprays of red coral and tiny coral beads, used in place of sand, add greatly to the equipment.

Lacquer as well takes on new forms, here, in cocktail glasses, finger bowls and coffee and tea services. Carved ivory cabinet figures and lamps are also shown in an extensive selection. Among the aquariums is one of colorful cloisonné with jade handles containing a glass globe which is most intriguing.

SCREENS, that serve the double purpose of shutting out unpleasant vistas and yet contribute to the charm of the immediate setting, are made by the Venezian Art Screen Co., suitable for any period room.

Small sized Heppelwhite mahogany sideboard with inlay and original brasses. Original English color print, XVIIIth century. Courtesy Chez Vous, Inc., 20 E. 58th St., N. Y. C.

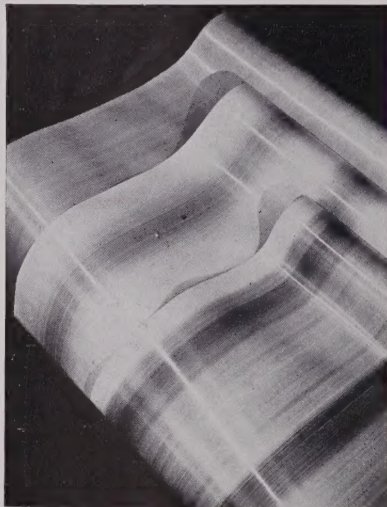


As reflecting the favored trend in decoration, white appears as the background for many of the newer designs, also chalk blue, as in the Directoire screen. Those of suit-

able height for bathroom use are also obtainable, made after special designs, such as one especially lovely in deep peach with blue Directoire motifs. Decorated bridge tables are also featured. The usual stock of tooled leather screens and those of painted canvas, equally dignified in character, continue to be shown.

CUCKOO clocks, in which the punctual little songster no longer appears from under the overhanging eaves of his familiar Black Forest cottage, now take on the spirit of the day.

Designed by Theodore Muller, these clocks assume an individual guise, intended for a particular part of the house or for a person of particular enthusiasms or interests. There is a clock for the lover of hunting; one for a bridge or poker enthusiast or for a game



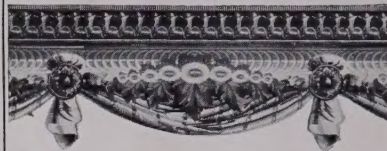
Woven glass drapery fabric, washable and waterproof. Pastel colors, also gold and silver. Courtesy Miller Godart & Co., 138 E. 55th St., N. Y. C.

room, gun room or bar. There are also appropriate types for children's rooms, such as the Circus. The cuckoo is always of the same design, a stylized, modern bird.

The large stock of imported drapery fabrics imported by this firm are equally distinctive and unusual.

HAND-WOVEN rugs showing two-level clipping, in white, of a cream gray tone, have a prominent place with hand-woven textiles at Frances T. Miller's. These are carried out from original designs and contribute most effectively to the completing of a modern interior.

Waterproof silks, suitable for bathrooms and shower curtains that lend themselves perfectly to stencil decoration are also shown, here. These are practical, as well, for children's draperies, in



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which the design of the nursery wallpaper may be repeated. Mrs. Miller likewise imports the newest of French wallpapers in fascinating patterns, suitable for the conventional as well as the modern room.

BIEDERMEIER, Directoire and Empire furniture, in characteristic fruitwood, comprises an interesting collection at Miller Godart's. This is accompanied by consistent accessories such as lamps, clocks and Louis Philippe porcelains. In a collection of antique fabrics are some four hundred and sixty pieces of fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth French and Italian origin.

Old French wallpapers, of hand-blocked design, in the insidious colorings that characterize these old documents, further contribute to the interest of these galleries, with their old world charm.

A distinct innovation is seen in the recently imported woven glass drapery fabric, in pastel colorings or stripes, to harmonize with the new, satin-surface, woven glass wallpaper. This lends itself to graceful folds and is waterproof.

INTERIOR decoration in its many phases is executed by Chez Vous, Inc., favoring the 18th Century English and French periods as a setting for the fine pieces of old furniture to be found in the shop. Notable among these are a mahogany break-front bookcase of exceptional beauty, and a pair of wing chairs, in red glaze plaid percale, just right for backgammon.

In a recently completed apartment living room equally impressive pieces were used with peach walls bordered with an old French blue wallpaper frieze; blue, "tête de nègre," and ruby red draperies.

IN WHICH WE INTERPRET AN EDITORIAL DEPARTURE

This New Magazine that is Arts & Decoration

FOR nearly two decades ARTS AND DECORATION has served the interests of an aristocracy of taste in the three adjacent fields of building, decoration and horticulture.

In the world of decoration and the arts, we have aimed to make its authority preeminent, and its contribution to originality and taste has won it unchallenged leadership in this field. So much for the past.

Today, we feel decoration is becoming more and more an adventure into something beyond mere aesthetics—a source and starting point for those living programs which derive naturally from the love of beauty and the graces of existence.

What more natural, than that we should wish ARTS AND DECORATION to proceed from the concrete subject of beauty in the home and its surroundings to those preoccupations for which beauty is the background and the setting?

So, in the future, ARTS AND DECORATION will fuse into its Editorial program not alone the newest and the best that is in vogue in the field of decoration, but the latest word of those gaieties and graces of living which are the charm of a civilized and sophisticated existence; it will be made not alone for people who love beauty in their homes but for those who love to share it with their friends—in a word, we hope to plan a magazine that will be for people who entertain.

We shall deal with games and play; with music; with the theatre and the dance; with travel; in short, with all of those adventures in which a smart and sophisticated society engages.

Have the old songs a new vogue? Then ARTS AND DECORATION will deal entertainingly with them.

Do bagatelle and tric-trac and avarice deplete the bridge tables? Then our magazine will tell who are playing these games and how.

If it pleases the fancy of the traveller in Paris to search out La Vanne Rouge and Du Vrai Arbre Robinson he will read ARTS AND DECORATION and will find there the last word of the places that are fresh, new, amusing.

The new singers in the opera and concert world will look out at you from the pages of this magazine. And the latest decorations of the theatre walls and stage will add a vivacious charm. We may all of us know that the old fashioned waltz is coming into vogue again with Victorian clothes, but has anyone told you that possibly you

may have to learn the Varsouvienne and the Heel-and-Toe polka? But in spite of these many excursions out into the newest fields of social pleasure, ARTS AND DECORATION will deal none the less with the decorative arts, with what is distinctive and fine, stimulating and new, in decorative interiors and their accessories. We believe, for instance, that decoration is not only an art but a definite phase of civilized living and that, like any other art, it involves creation, which means imagination and enthusiasm and a freedom to adventure.

Viewed in this light, decoration is not only something bought at a shop or studio, but that plus the faithful reflection of the personality in the home. Very subtly it gives the unerring key to the characteristics of the owners of the home, their living values, their tendencies and tastes.

So most logically the new magazine that is ARTS AND DECORATION takes on a distinct personality among the many ably edited periodicals devoted to the graces of life in America. Inspired by the ever-increasing interest of our people in well-rounded living programs, its editorial content, deriving from the love of beauty expressed in decoration, will henceforth cover a wide and fascinating range. The arts other than decorative will be all related between the covers of this magazine as they are related in actuality. It is our sincere belief that there will always be a group of modern-minded Americans who will respond to a magazine which feeds directly into their interests in the colorful amenities of existence.

If we are not mistaken, and if you happen to be among that happy company which finds life still zestful and alluring, the new ARTS AND DECORATION will prove to be the most satisfactory of companions. A younger group of writers will bring to our pages a fresher, gayer touch. Our articles will be shorter—and more swiftly paced. The magazine will be luxurious in illustration, and its pictures will be many and varied, and arresting and stimulating in the ideas they offer. ARTS AND DECORATION has always been and will continue to be an authority on the decorative arts; but it will not deal with its matter authoritatively in the sense that its articles will be written with the solemn and pontifical wisdom of the expert. Enthusiasm will characterize its pages.

It will be altogether a modern magazine, made for Moderns; full of the amenities of existence, a zestful, inviting publication made wholly for that small but selective audience which conforms to the standards of gracious living.

MARY FANTON ROBERTS, *Editor.*



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MARY FANTON ROBERTS, *Editor*

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Drawing Room in an Old Château—*Painted by Walter Gay; Courtesy Wildenstein & Co.*

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Charming City Apartment of the Jerome Napoleon Bonapartes

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Tradition and Romance Pervade the Charming City Apartment of the Jerome Napoleon Bonapartes, but the Ruling Spirit is Madame Bonaparte's Own Exquisite Taste Combined with Dramatic Arrangement

Arts & Decoration

Where History Bows to Personality

By ELINOR HILLYER

PUTTING the past in its place is no mean task. It takes a lady of the vividness and talent of Mme. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte to be able to surround herself with the relics of emperors and kings and numerous charming women, without letting them reduce her to the rôle of super museum attendant.

Piece by piece, heirloom by heirloom, her city apartment is a veritable whispering gallery of romantic yesterdays. But all together, it speaks with only one voice, crying out the personality of its owner. Furniture, belonging to generations of Bonaparte wives, and to which adheres the drama of two continents and two empires, becomes the background—but only the background—for the present Mme. Bonaparte.

It simply happens. Just as she is an immensely colorful person in any gathering of the living, she will naturally have the hand over any goodly company of the departed. She loves tradition (and traditions) and, as is to be expected, her pet hobby is all that concerns the glamorous tale of her husband's family.

It is a story which has fascinated people for a hundred and twenty-odd years. How the youngest brother of the great Napoleon came to America, fell madly in love with and married Elizabeth Patterson, the belle of Baltimore; how the young Jerome was ordered angrily home by his imperial brother; how he and his beloved Betsey were separated forever—all belong to history and romance. But Mme. Bonaparte is dramatic enough in her own right to play epilogue even to the greatest drama of a bygone century.

You are aware of it the moment you step inside the door of her home. Tradition or no tradition, there is no "dead hand" here, but the hand of an original and artistic woman intent on making a home which exactly expresses herself, and to which her friends will enjoy coming, and coming again. It does not matter where she is, whether at Newport, at her Atlantic Beach cabaña, or in her city apartment at 440 East 57th Street, it is the same—her home expresses herself.

All of which does not mean that Mme. Bonaparte in decorating her house has missed one little bit of the dramatic possibilities of her material. When you enter the foyer, you look straight into the eyes of the Man of Destiny himself—Gros's famous portrait of Napoleon. It sets the stage, it has a certain element of surprise, this meeting of Napoleon on the threshold. But the effect is immediately tempered as you become conscious of the charming and graceful surroundings—antique chartreuse walls, mulberry carpet, a glimpse of the delightful library beyond the doorway—and on the opposite wall the portrait of Jerome Bonaparte's maternal great-grandfather, Daniel Webster.

I do not know whether putting these two great men in the same line of vision was due to instinct or reason, or to some esoteric business about wall space—Mme. Bonaparte probably doesn't know herself. It is all part and parcel of her genius for dramatic entrances. Some people have the gift; some people "slip quietly" into rooms and through life. But not Mme. Bonaparte. A little of that same quality, that same mastery of climax and anticlimax which has made her comings-in and goings-out famous in society, must have prompted her to place the American statesman where he could be



IT would be arresting anywhere, this portrait of Napoleon by Antoine Jean Gros, but to have it greet you in the foyer of the Bonaparte home, practically as you enter the door, is effective to the nth degree. Against a background of chartreuse, it contrasts grandly with the portrait of Daniel Webster on the far library wall, which can just be seen in the photograph. The floor is carpeted in mulberry, and the boxes on the table are Chinese

THE photograph on the opposite page shows a corner of Mme. Bonaparte's delightful library. Through the sheerest of cream glass curtains, sunshine streams in at broad double windows, and is caught and reflected by antique chartreuse walls. The French pastel-colored overdraperies are in keeping with the old pieces of Empire furniture, complementing as well, the soft tones of the rug. The handsome table in front of the windows is old marquetry, and an amusing group of Napoleonic statuettes in bronze has been placed upon it



IN the dining room, interest centers in the portrait of the second Jerome Bonaparte, grandfather of the present owner. The eagle on the table is one of three made for Napoleon III. The white Wedgwood fruit bowls on the court cupboard are heirlooms of the Patterson family, while in the corner cabinet is a tea set used by Napoleon I and bearing his crest

seen in the same glance with the more spectacular Emperor of the French.

From the foyer you may enter the library, still a little awed by the gaze of Napoleon and a little fascinated by the breadth of forehead which housed the tremendous intellect of Webster. There, by way of contrast (and in spite of the learned brow of Mr. Webster) you find one of the least ponderous and sunniest of rooms.

Again antique chartreuse appears on the walls, and for the floor Mme. Bonaparte has chosen a beautiful Oriental rug in soft blending shades. Sunshine pours into the large double windows the better part of the day, filtered through the simplest of cream-colored glass curtains. Overdraperies are in delicate pastel shades, the richness of their material and their French design in perfect harmony with the formality of the Empire pieces of furniture in the room. There are a few inviting, deep-cushioned chairs of recent vintage, without which no room for moderns would be bearable, but the rest of the furniture is old. There is an old marquetry table in front of the double windows, to which the eye naturally travels, not only because of its handsome workmanship, but because of the interesting collection of Napoleonic bronzes which Mme. Bonaparte has arranged there.

Throughout the apartment, shades of green, chartreuse and all the blue-greens and green-blues predominate. One could almost guess Mme. Bonaparte's love for the ocean, and her well-known preference for shore resorts. In her own bedroom, it could not have been mere accident which caused her to blend, with such startling effect, the green of the sea when the sun is before you and the blue of the sea when the sun is behind you. But there they are, from the restful blue of the plain carpet, to the shimmery translucent jade of

(Continued on page 60)



SEA-GREENS and sea-blues combine with ancient French furniture to make Mme. Bonaparte's bedroom the charming and distinctive room that it is. The bed is a beautiful French antique, painted a silvery blue-green with rose and gold decorative design. The coverlet and satin covered armchair are of the same shade, green tinged with blue while the window curtains and draperies are of a shimmery silk material in translucent jade. The kidney-shaped bedside table, also an old piece, is green crackled over with gold, and a plain carpet of restful blue covers the floor



ADASH of the Chinese appears in the decorations of the drawing room, cleverly combined with the French. Here in this corner Mme. Bonaparte has placed a beautiful Chinese table, part of the loot of Peking brought back by an expedition of Napoleon III. Jade lamps flank a bronze replica of Vela's "The Dying Napoleon". Above, in dramatic juxtaposition, is the Gerard painting of the infant King of Rome, the Emperor's son. The exquisite needlepoint chair is a colorful note, and the lyre-base Empire table on the right is an example of some of the very best work of the period. The elaborate pier glass above the Chinese table is also an antique



A Bachelor Apartment Gone Modernistic

The Masculine Way Seems to Be the Modern Way These Days. This New York Apartment Is Done Throughout in the Newest Woods and Fabrics, the Most Modern Paintings, Lamps and Rugs

Erle Franke, Decorator



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHOOK-GEFFEN



BROWNS and beige have been discovered by some curious process of psychology to suggest a masculine color scheme, and the dining room of this modern apartment is carried out along these lines—walls in three shades of beige bark paper, furniture American walnut, chairs and stools covered with light beige velour. The curtains lift the color scheme up to a warm burnt orange and the low divan is brown velvet

IN the furniture which was designed by Mr. Franke, a more robust type is presented. An interesting desk, wide and low, is of hawthorn with ebony drawer pulls. The hawthorn stool has a red leather cushion, a warm note which contrasts nicely with the squirrel grey and ebony of the woods. A tall lamp is crystal and nickel



THE living room of this apartment has departed from the typical color scheme, yet remains in close harmony. The butter yellow walls are interesting with the pearl grey ceiling and floor, the fireplace is set in mirror panels, in front of which is a low hawthorn table ready for tea. A delightful note of aquamarine plush covers the large chairs, and white silk blinds are stretched Japanese fashion on steel frames. Couch in grey, with chair in Bianchini green brocade





LEFT—This white rattan furniture, showing Chipendale influence, is fitted with detachable waterproof white leatherette cushions, piped in black. The tea cloth is hand-woven linen in yellow and beige blocks. With this a tea service of delicate white china, lined with platinum, has been used. Mrs. Ehrich Company

OPPOSITE page — Red and white cloth, 17th Century pattern, from Mosse. English and Dutch pewter plates, mugs and salad bowl, Frans Middelkoop. Bavarian pretzel stands by George Neth. Cutlery, and straw terrier typifying the expectancy of the American people, Hammacher-Schlemmer. Beer keg, Jacob Ruppert. Fence, Dubois Fence & Garden Co.

BELOW—As an accompaniment to the tea table is this stand of white rattan with a practical gold mirror top. On this has been placed a chromium cocktail shaker with platinum striped glasses and crystal highball glasses with engraved stripes. A smaller table for sandwiches stands conveniently near

Gardens Wear White in the Summertime

These Tables and One on Page Opposite Are Planned for Late Afternoon Tea Parties or After Theatre Supper. One in a Well-known City Garden, and the Other on an Attractive Penthouse Space. Of Course, the Beer Table Could Be Set in a Garden and the Tea Table on a Penthouse Roof

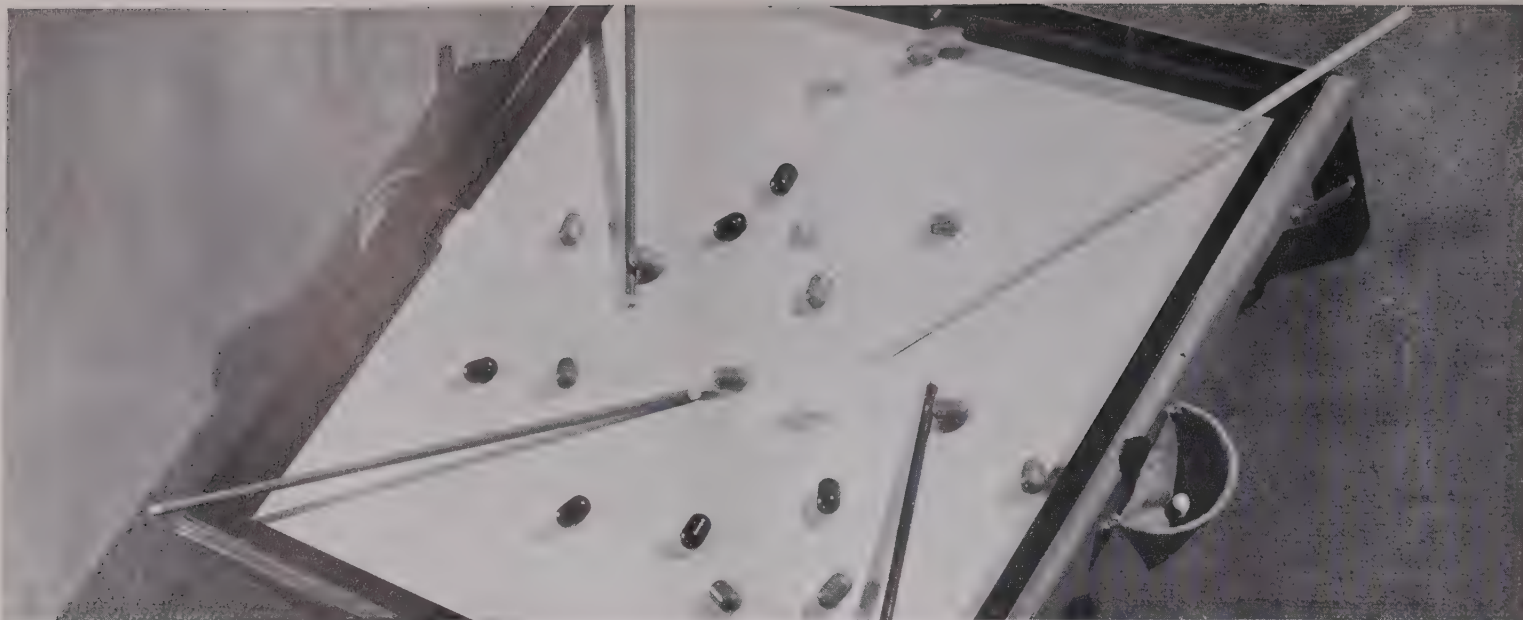


Beer Threatens Popularity of the Tea Hour

Arranged by ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

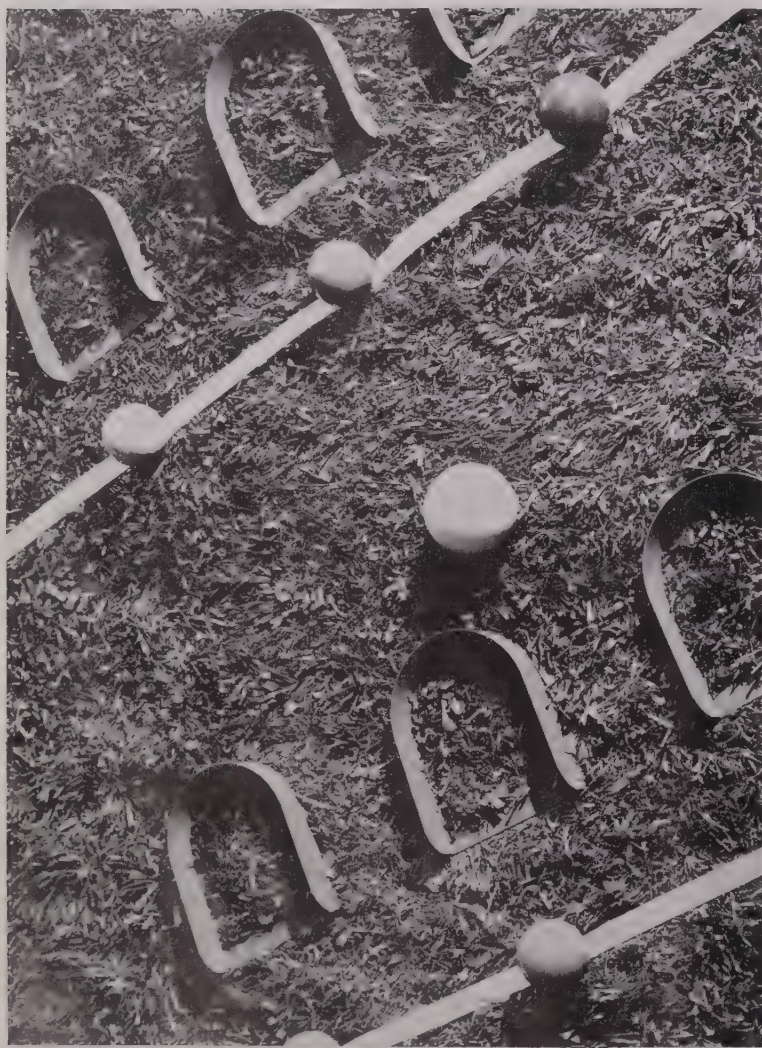
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
DANA
B.
MERRILL





"Hi-Jack" table

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL



"Garden Pool" to be played on the grass

ABOVE—An ideal game for the beach is "Hi-Jack," in which two or four persons may play around a low canvas topped table. Each player selects his own colored "tumble bugs" and endeavors to send them into a pocket by means of tapping the canvas table top from underneath with sticks colored to match. Courtesy R. H. Macy

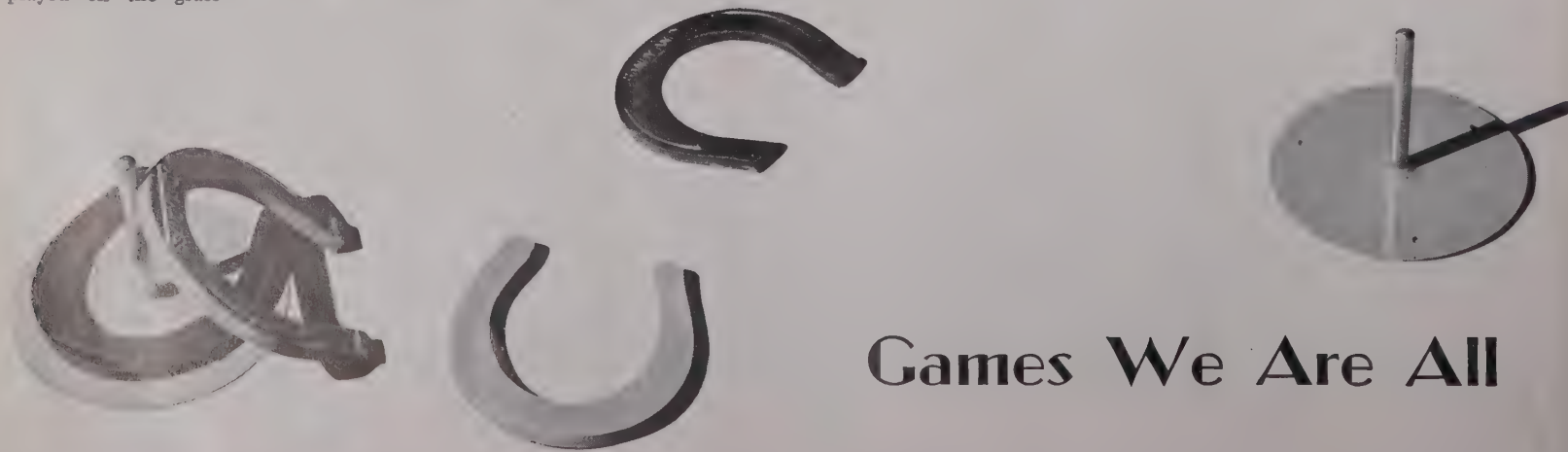
LEFT—An exhilarating new lawn game, recently received from England, is played with large vari-colored wooden balls on a field marked out with tapes. These in turn are bowled into the wickets, which lie flat upon the grass, by throwing and striking them with a larger ball, in the manner of tenpins. Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch

OPPOSITE page, upper left—Racketeer, formerly known as Devil Among the Tailors, is played by four persons, each having a top. In turn the tops are spun and allowed to wander over the board, knocking down the pins as they spin through the obstacles over the numbers that make the score for each player. F. A. O. Schwarz

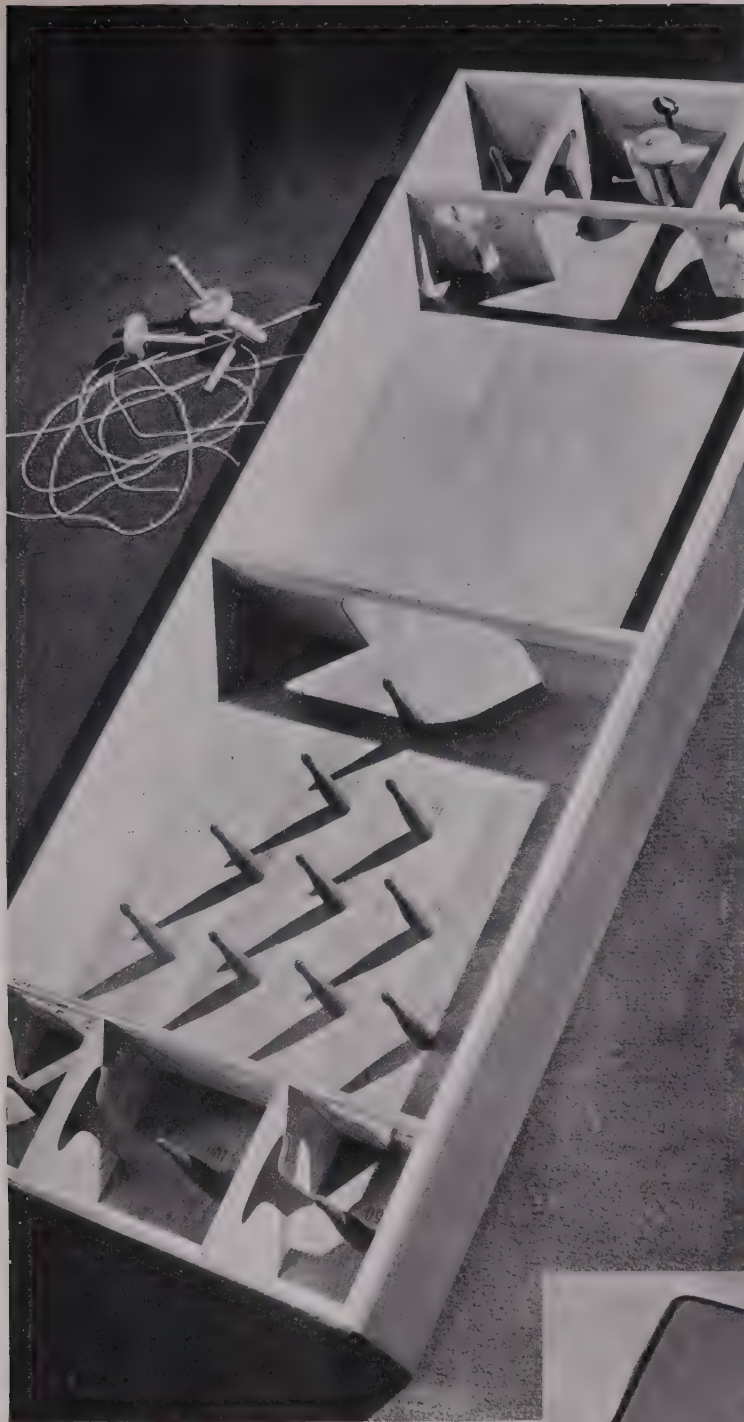
OPPOSITE page, upper right—An exciting game for two is "Hit-the-Deck." Coins are placed in the traps on the wooden center field and the player aims the ball to hit the trap, thereby throwing the coin into the air. The opponent is then supposed to catch both coin and ball. An excellent beach or porch game. Courtesy of R. H. Macy

OPPOSITE page, below—As a convenience for playing cards out-of-doors or in a breezy spot, this new waterproof table cover with pockets will calm the nerves of the most intent contract player. Hammacher Schlemmer & Co. Shown with this is bagatelle, that vies with contract in popularity this summer. A. G. Spalding & Bros.

BELOW—Throwing rubber horse shoes is perhaps not quite so vigorous as playing with the real "horsey" ones but affords the same exercise and amusement. So do "Shoe-quoits," shown on the opposite page. These rubber discs with their stake in a rubber mat may be played indoors without mishap. Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch



Games We Are All



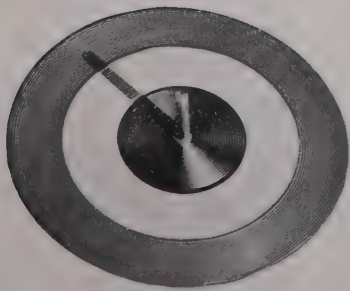
Renamed "Racketeer"



Hit-the-Deck



An out-of-doors bridge table cover, and bagatelle



Playing This Summer



CHINESE panels for the powder room, delicate in color and gay in spirit—a lovely spot. From the home of Mr. Richard J. Bernhard. Elsie Sloan Farley, decorator

AMURAL landscape wallpaper in blue-green and yellow and beige. Designed by Charles H. Smith for Thomas Strahan Co. Courtesy Wallpaper Ass'n of U. S.



PHOTO BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Six Excellent Reasons

AT first glance we thought they were murals, and admired them with the same detached enthusiasm that we reserve for private yachts and sable wraps these days. On second glance—and such decorative walls really deserve second glances—we made the pleasant discovery that they were wallpapers. And we've always had a great weakness for wallpapers, even the old fashioned variety where rosebuds played follow-the-leader in florid monotony up and down the wall.

There are all sorts—from exquisite frivolities for the powder room to landscapes with a fine executive manner for the business office. For the Chippendale room, Chinese panels with that delicately microscopic technique that always makes us feel like big western barbarians all full of thumbs. Gazelle Land, delightful for the nursery or the imaginatively decorated dining room—a delightful country where flowers tower over tiny gazelles, and

VALE EDEN—a wallpaper landscape in the office of Mr. Richard E. Thibaut which is most effective in creating the impression of spaciousness. It is a modern version of a classical scenic effect and is developed in sepia tints on a cream ground toning in with the browns of woodwork, furniture and rugs





PHOTO BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW

for Looking at Four Walls . .

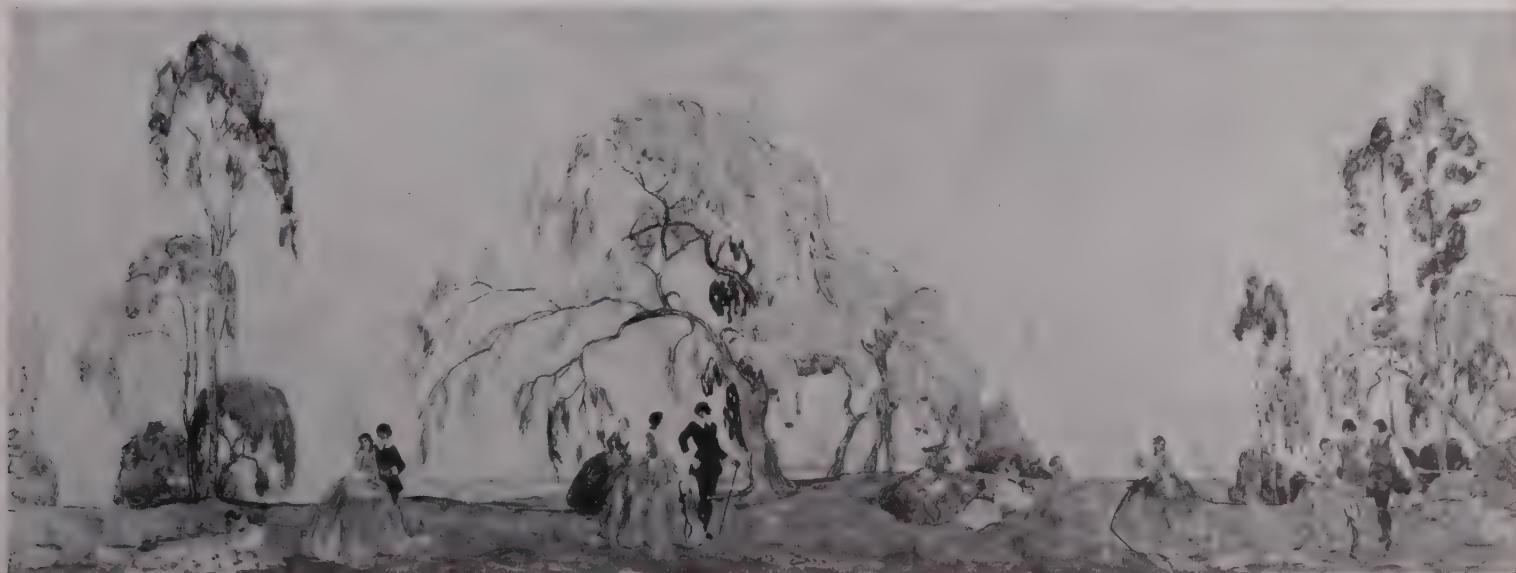
humming-birds battle in mid-air with dainty fervor. Incidentally if Junior decides to add a few more gazelles, soap and water will reduce the population of Gazelle Land to its original status.

For living rooms in the romantic manner, we particularly liked the idyllic landscapes—decorative Utopias where birds are always swans, trees are always cypress, and languid ladies stroll aimlessly about spurred on by the courtly Watteauesque attentions of an occasional languid gentleman. We really find it all very restful—very easy to look at. And—on occasion, we rather enjoy observing that no matter what upheavals may disturb the stock market or the political situation—not one languid lady has frowned, nor one leaf has fallen, to mar the serene indifference of this wallpaper world.

JUNE DAY—an idyllic landscape for living rooms in the romantic manner. A dreamlike wallpaper Utopia, in high shades softened by misty greys and purples. The tiny figures are costumed in that charmingly indecisive manner that is at home in many periods. Courtesy Wallpaper Ass'n of U. S.

GAZELLE LAND — a charming fantasy in Salubra for a room in the contemporary spirit. Designed by Professor Fritz August Brenhaus, used with great success in this delightful dining room of Mrs. Paul Tishman. From Frederick Blank & Co.

ANOTHER Chinese paper—in a more formal mood. A blaze of color that started its career as a decorative panel thousands of years ago, and ends it on our twentieth century walls. Reproductions from Rose Cumming



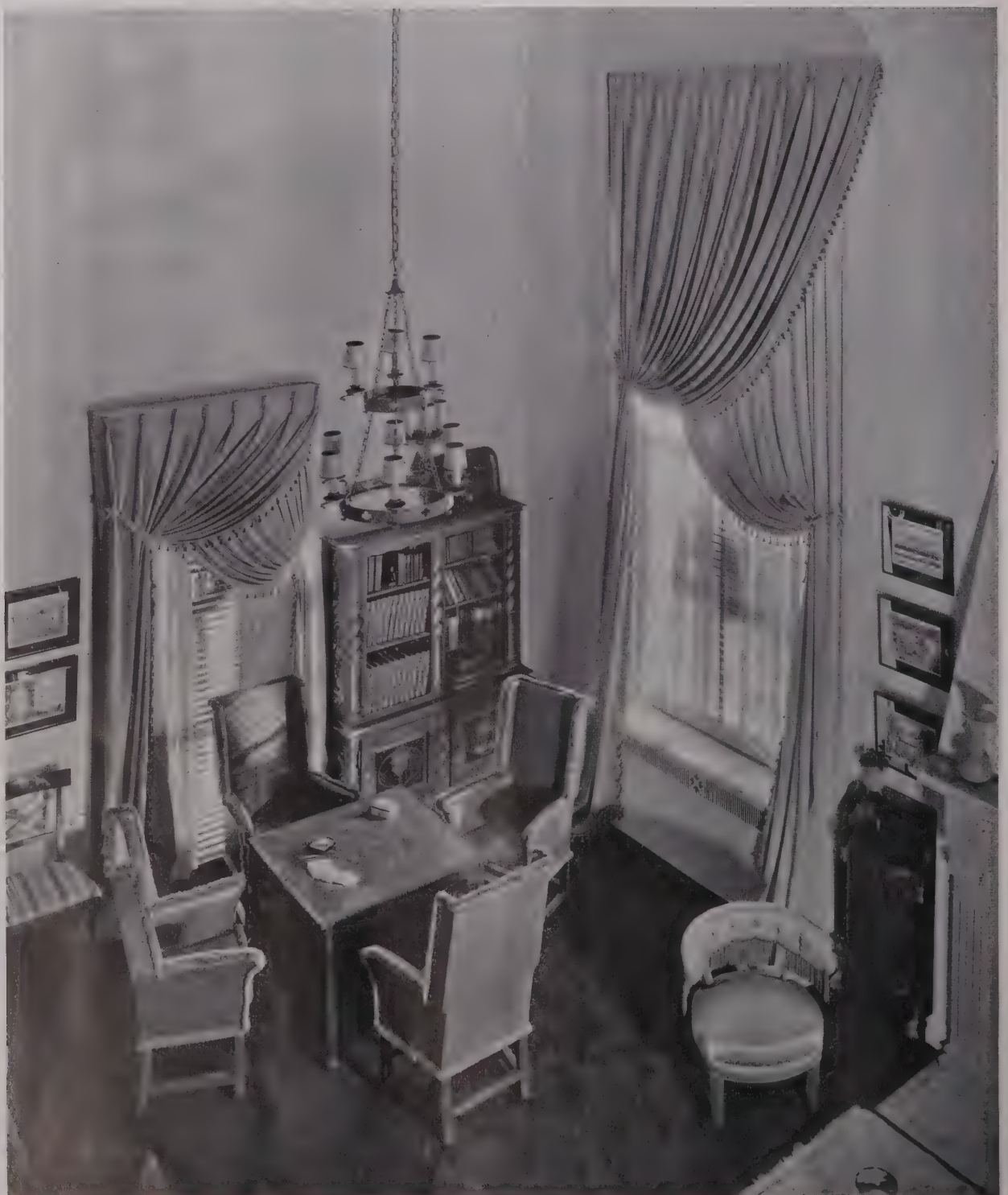
Modern Spirit—



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

AN enchanting bedroom has biscuit walls and an emerald green carpet. The larger part of the alcove is draped in silver satin and across the top and down the left sides of the windows is used a deep orchid and silver Rodier metal brocade. The glass curtains are lined green gauze. The frames of the beds are silver and the cover of biscuit crushed velvet

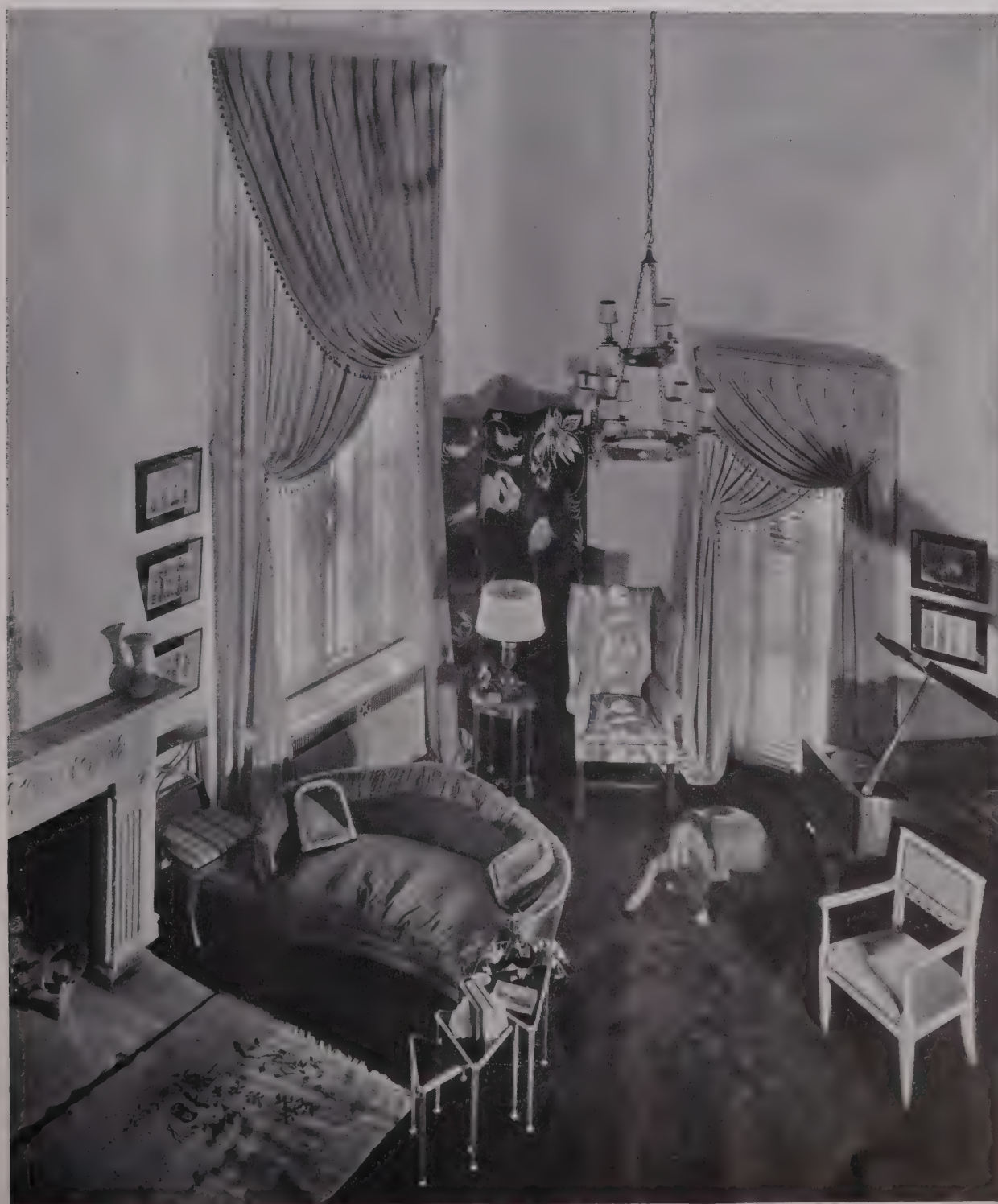
IN the living room with *café au lait* walls and soot black chenille carpet are draperies of cornelian red moiré, silver gauze curtains, Venetian silver blinds, a silver satin Victorian chair, fringed with blue and green and four wing chairs upholstered in emerald Morocco leather



A Duplex Apartment with Definitely a Modern Air, Although in It Are Combined Old Chippendale, Biedermeier, a Painting by Canaletto, with Cornelian Red Moiré, Silver Gauze Curtains, Chromium Andirons and a Screen of Coral Flamingoes. W. & J. Sloane, Decorators

Antique Fittings

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Parsons of Larchmont, New York. In the Main the Background for the Entire Apartment Is in Neutral Tones, Dark Carpet, Delicate Tinted Walls, and Light Ceilings. The Warmth and Brilliant Color Is Shown in the Rich Furniture and Fittings



IN the dining room, color is used with extraordinary crisp beauty. The walls are Directoire blue, the ceiling Directoire yellow, the carpet deep rose chenille. Oyster satin trimmed in rose and yellow is used for draperies, and the Venetian blinds are silver. A modern note is given in a table with a black and rose marbelized top, matching the consoles

IN front of the Italian Renaissance fireplace are andirons made of hoops of chromium with crystal balls. The Venetian chair is upholstered in blue velvet. A quaint love seat is finished in raisin satin with a blue and green fringe. A crisp note is the flamingo screen on black



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING—SALZMAN

Garden Visiting— Our Newest Outdoor Sport

By NANCY HUNGERFORD

WE are right in the midst of a garden renaissance—thousands of people making pilgrimages to look at gardens, thousands planting them, you and I getting all excited over our rock garden in the solarium and the chemical content of the humus in the window box.

There never was a time when there was such widespread interest in gardens in America. It isn't just that people who used not to know a trowel from a tractor are speaking glibly of Darwins and Breeders and *Lilium candidum*. It is not just something the garden clubs, city planning commissions, clean-up-and-beautify societies have shamed us into feeling. There is something more than that. It is almost a folk movement, this spontaneous awakening among many and various people at once, of appreciation of flowers and trees as a form of expression and as an art.

And even if you stop short of being a nature fanatic, always finding books in the running brooks, you may still find a whole sermon in the fact that the Flower Pageant, which has been held in Atlantic City for three years now, is to become a permanent institution—a permanent institution in place of that much publicised bedazzlement formerly known as the Bathing Beauty Parade.

Despite this undoubted Step Up, we might still be languishing on the brink of the horticultural dark ages, if the world had not got itself at sixes and sevens the way it has. To raise money for charity this year, the owners of scores of beautiful estates have been inspired to throw them open to the public at the moment when the gardens were at their height, with the consequence that there has never been such an opportunity for garden lovers to explore the masterpieces





And of All the Beautiful Gardens Visited, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin's, with Its Wide Lawns and Shady Woodlands, Remains in Memory among the Loveliest





Great Banks of Giant Rhododendron
Flame Brilliantly Against the Deep
Greens of Cedar Groves and Offset the
Whiteness of the Playing Fountain

of the craft. And the enthusiasm and response with which the movement has been greeted is proof enough of what the opportunity means. Of course, there have always been the old-fashioned benefit garden party and lawn fête—such as the amusing and ambitious affair Mrs. Payne Whitney holds every year—which draws large sections of society. But that is quite a different matter from a cultural point of view from this simple showing of gardens for gardens' sake.

The generous and happy gesture has done more than raise thousands of dollars for worthy causes. Visitors with gardens of their own, and without them, came from miles around, some from distant cities, just as citizens of Florence might have gone excitedly to view Raphael's latest Madonna. And they took away with them a warm glow of friendliness, a glint of sunshine through apple trees, candid beauty mirrored in still ponds—and somehow the assurance that the world is fundamentally, I said *fundamentally*, all right.

Perhaps one of the loveliest of the great estates on view this season is that of Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, at Brookville, Long Island. It was opened for two days, one in the middle of May and one early in June, for the benefit of the Wayside Home School for Girls. The photographs suggest its charm—they suggest the wide sweep, but not the emerald of its lawns; the laciness, but not the snow of dogwood; the depths of woodland paths, but not the susurrus of leaves. Yet even without these qualities, there is still the sense of color and mass, of symmetry and asymmetry, of that mixture of nature and art, at once so disturbing and so peaceful.

The most distinctive feature of the gardens is a grove of evergreen woods, that they call "Cedar Hill", through which flower bordered paths wind, to end surprisingly in one or another of the formal or informal gardens. You get the best view of this hill from one wing of the house across a gently sloping lawn. At the bottom of the slope is a pool, and nearby a fountain of white Carrara marble. The firs and cedars form a high dark wall, and the whiteness of the fountain can be glimpsed through an opening in the tall Canadian hemlock hedge surrounding an octagonal garden. Against the hedge are banked brilliant azaleas, dogwood and clumps of box.

Boxwood borders many of the flower beds, as well, in the more formal of Mrs. Iselin's gardens, but probably the most impressive stand of box for miles around is on the estate of Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills and Mrs. Mills, at Woodbury, which was on display the same day. Boxwood always seems to have something of the eternal about it, and this, planted in geometric patterns and spirals, somehow enfolds the whole terraced garden with a sense of its own mellow enchantment.

All together, seventeen different estates on Long Island held visitors' days for the benefit of the Wayside Home School, not to mention numerous other displays for various charities. During May and June, every Thursday was Garden Day on Long Island, and three days are scheduled during September and October for fall exhibitions. Westchester County opened more than forty of its gardens for the benefit of the Westchester Children's Association, on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons.

So by a little pleasant shuttling back and forth you could find yourself on Tuesday roaming among the wild flowers and cliffs over the ten miles of paths at "Fayrewold", the Greenwich estate of Benjamin T. Fairchild. On Thursday, you might be in the gardens of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, at Manhasset, Long Island, or those of Mrs. Henry W. deForest, at Cold Spring Harbor. And then on Saturday, you might have been back in Westchester, steeping yourself in the amazingness of the Edward H. Manville rock gardens, at Pleasantville, or the wonderful greenhouses of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Straus, on their estate in Port Chester.

The other Long Island estates open for the benefit of the Wayside Home School during May and June which we have not mentioned already were those of Mr. and Mrs. G. Beekman Hoppin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, of Syosset; and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, of Manhasset; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cox, of Mill Neck; Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Rensselaer Kennedy, of Hempstead; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, of Westbury; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, and Mr. and Mrs. Willis D. Wood, of Huntington.

The Willis Wood estate was open for the Wayside Home on June 23. A week before, this old place, built on "Fort Hill", the site of Revolutionary War operations, was also the setting of a Robin Hood pageant put on by the Huntington Service League

(Continued on page 57)



An Architect's Own Home Designed In His Own Way

In This Very Typical House in Pasadena, California, Wallace Neff Has Expressed His Personal Ideals of Comfort and Beauty

Wallace Neff, Architect

A. E. Hanson, Landscape Architect

INFORMAL Italian is the influence that affected the design of this home of Mr. Neff. The exterior walls are of Gunité construction and the slightly sloping tile roof is of dark rose with ridges painted white. In delightful harmony with the rose and the white walls is the exterior trim and wood work in topaze blue

THE mushrebiyeh seen from the patio was imported from Arabia and the tile fountain is, as it should be in this Spanish patio, from Seville. The entire house is built around the patio which is so placed that it gets the morning sun and quite properly the afternoon shade

STRIPS of Italian sailcloth form an awning over the patio during the summer months, helping to make it the perfect outdoor living room that it is. The roses and other flowers are in rose and white and the tiles of the Seville fountain are blue, yellow, green and white





A VIEW looking from the patio through the Moorish arches into the cool cloister, with a glimpse also of the outdoor stairway which leads, as is so common in California houses of this type, from the patio to the rooms on the second floor, by way of a little porch. Plants in gaily painted pots are placed at intervals on the steps as well as around the rim of the fountain

THE floor plan of Mr. Neff's house tells you an interesting story of a charming way of life. There is a large living room, at the end of which are a flower room and an organ sound room. Across the spacious entrance hall is the library, with a fireplace, and the dining room, which connects easily with the service portion of the house as well as the loggia and grounds at the rear





THE loggia looking out on the patio is delightfully arranged for summertime living. Its walls are oyster white with turquoise blue woodwork. The furniture of both patio and loggia is turquoise blue and yellow

A MODIFIED Venetian style has influenced the interior of the house. The furnishing and paintings are copies of antiques. The library, as well as the dining room and hall have fine paneled walnut ceilings

HANDMADE TILE is used on the floors throughout and the woodwork is mainly walnut. The living room draperies are antique gold damask and all the other draperies throughout are colorful Fortuny prints

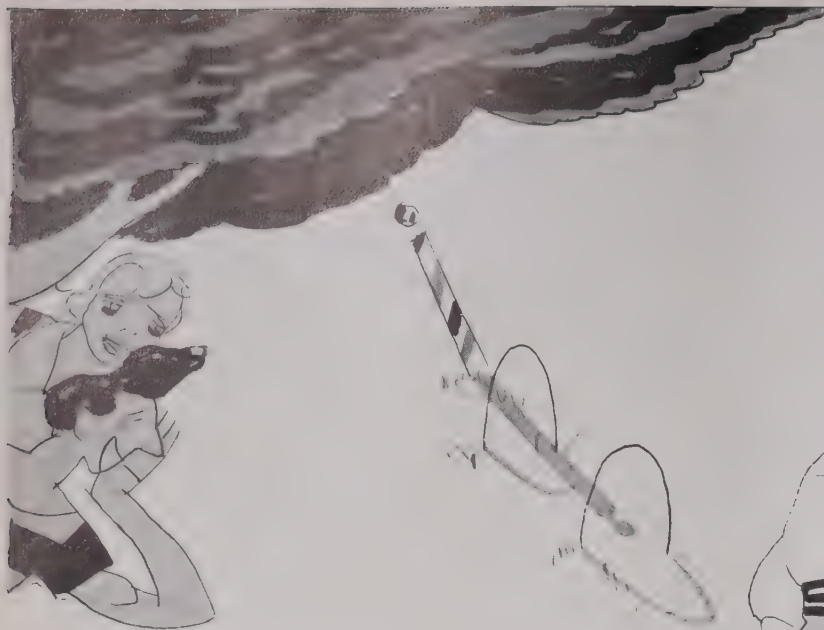


That Cool, Fresh, Blue and White Look that Means California Has Been Cleverly Brought from the Outside into the Interior of this House in Pasadena



Croquet—

That One-Time Gentle Game
table Safety-Valve for Our



By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

AT every well organized house-party nowadays, one is led automatically to a bridge table. It is taken for granted that one plays contract. If one doesn't, one soon learns, in self-defense. And whether you play Culbertson or the official system matters little. You may even abandon the Vanderbilt convention, and announce lightly that you play only the two-demand.

But contract in the afternoon seems to me like spending one's hours at a matinée. If evening is the time for the theatre, so it is for bridge. If you don't go in for golf or tennis, you will be glad to learn that there is a gentler game which is coming back, which will keep you out in the open air, and prove, on your strenuous American weekends, a veritable safety-valve for your pent-up energy and emotions.

It has many advantages; for one need only step from the house to the lawn, a few feet away, and be within call when tea, let us say, is served. It requires no particular costume, and it doesn't get you all fagged out. Yet you are out-of-doors, in the bright sunshine, with the lure of green things growing all about you; and you come from it with a refreshed spirit, with no need afterwards to hasten to your bath and get into other togs before you are presentable. And it takes you out of yourself as definitely as golf performs this miracle, with none of the plodding over miles of turf, and none of the temptations to remain over-long at the nineteenth hole.

And so, "Hoorah for croquet!" cries this lover of the game, who has reveled in it since boyhood, has been laughed at with scorn for his quiet passion for it, and is still unashamed to say that he thinks it a beautiful, rhythmical sport.

As a matter of fact, croquet is a desperately cruel and masculine game of strategy; the meanest, most diabolical form of sport I know of. For just as you think you are way ahead, you find yourself way-behind. The powerful and sure strokes it requires across a velvet lawn are in the nature of sadistic expressions of wrath and venom. One starts out pleasantly and laughingly enough; but before the third arch is reached, there may be a tightening of the lips, an abandonment of all decent impulses, with only the will to win firmly established in one's heart. You long to strike your opponent, Alice, though she be as dainty as Herrick's Julia; and you long to strike her hard. You do; and instantly the delicate Alice becomes your mortal enemy, determined to get back at you, to knock you into the bushes, or so to wire herself against you, with only a tiny space between you, that you will feel like stamping your feet on the turf and calling upon your malicious vocabulary to tell her what you think of her. She has changed, in a twinkling, from a gentle desirability into a fiend incarnate; and you loathe and despise her.

Until the game is over! Then, your human decency coming back, you shake her hand in generous fashion, you congrat-



There are kings of the game in America; and he is fortunate who has witnessed the open tournaments of Jack Baragwanath, Herbert Swope, Alexander Woolcott and Raoul Fleischmann. Splendid players all; royal players who ponder over every shot

ulate her on her prowess, and then you begin all over again, determined this time to defeat her.

If you are losing your figure, for all your rigid diet, try croquet. For you will find that you are forced to bend and stoop, particularly if you use those short-handled mallets which are the last word in spectacular and sporty sets; you

Social Shock Absorber

Which Has Returned to Act as a Veri-
Guests on Strenuous Summer Week-ends

would find, if you followed your invisible trail, that in the course of a real tournament you had walked a possible two miles; and you will be surprised how nimble and alert you feel after a goodly fight.

When we were young boys and girls on shady streets, there was scarcely a house in our village that did not have its croquet lawn. Not to have those provocative wickets laid out in arithmetical precision, with the colored stakes at either end, was to be out of things. The girls came, in their fluffy and long skirts, and we shot for partners, as one draws cards for contract cronies; and then the fun began. We would start early on Saturday mornings, returning after luncheon for a long afternoon session; and in between we would be refreshed by cool lemonade dispensed by a generous hostess, with maybe a slice of cake thrown in, which dear old Aunt Em had baked, while in between she watched the exciting match.

Dora, it was generally known in the neighborhood, cheated a little. This she was privileged to do by coyly standing over her ball, not quite in position, and wiggling her foot so adroitly beneath her drooping gown that she slyly shoved it directly before her wicket. One could not always catch her at this wicked act. She would pout and look adorably innocent when a rival player accused her of thus gaining an advantage. What was one to do with such a girl? Often she would resort to tears when accused, and declare that she would play no more if cruel boys thus maligned her. And the game went on. But Dora was watched thereafter, and sometimes even her

partner would have to admit her perfidy. We boys, in our knickerbockers, or long flannel trousers, could not try similar tactics; but it was we who began the shouting, we who waved our mallets after an argument during the course of the game, and sometimes hurled them at our stormy adversary.

The gay 'nineties? No indeed; rather the noisy, quarrelsome 'nineties, filled with tirades and despair.

Far into the deepening twilight we played; and when darkness finally fell in good earnest (there was no daylight-saving time then) we would place little white ribbons on the wickets so that we could follow the ball's direction. And when evening came, we would fetch lanterns from the barn, and continue in their light until, exhausted, we were forced to quit.

One must scream and quarrel in croquet. A long, straight shot, clean as a swallow's flight, cutting the lawn in two, will inevitably evoke cries from all the players; and if, in golf, there is nothing smarter than the clip of a direct drive down the fairway, there is nothing that so quickly brings forth admiration as the clicking of two balls, sharply and adroitly struck.

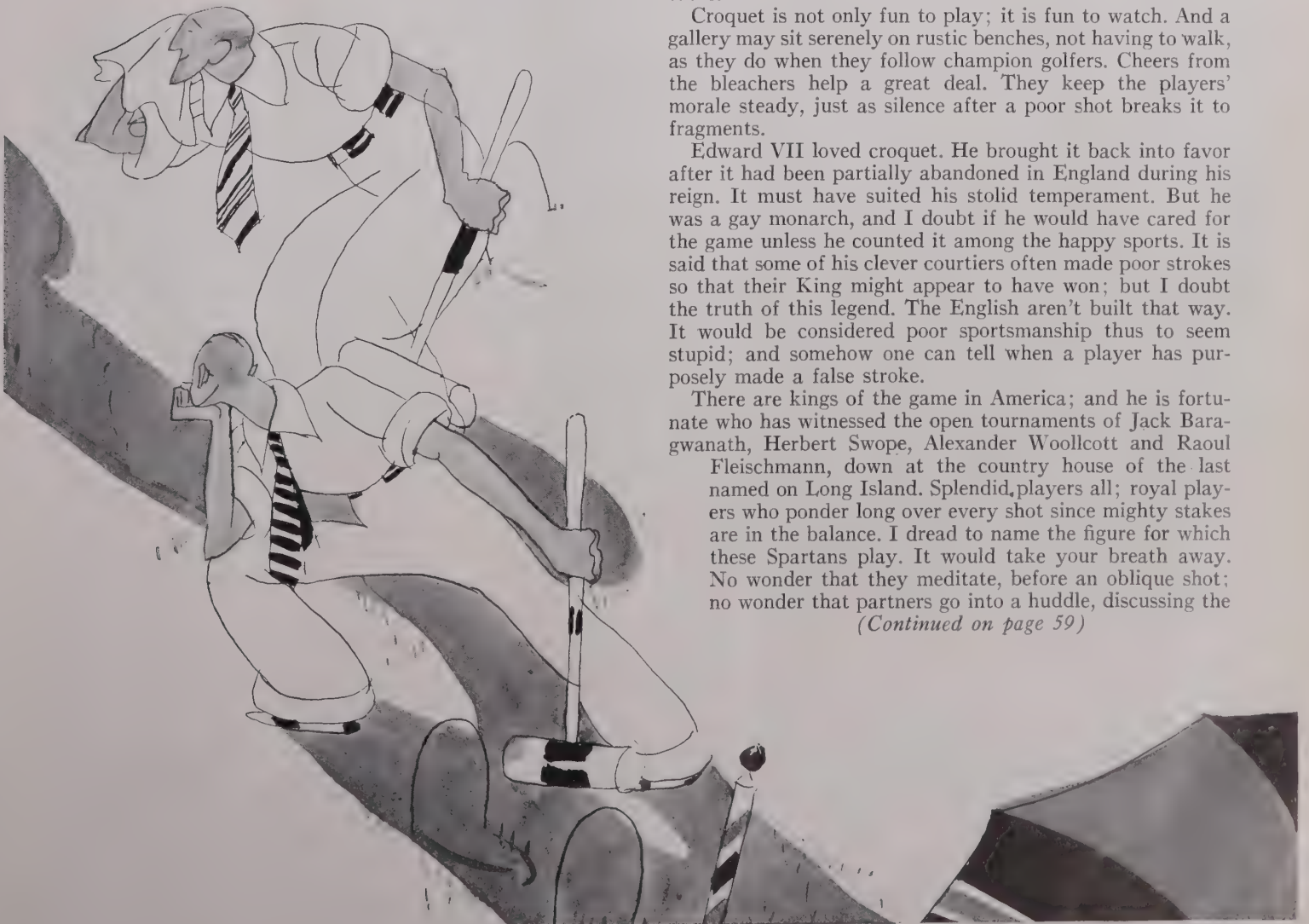
Peter and Emily are ahead. It looks hopeless for Tom and Alice. Then Peter misses, through the nervousness that always precedes final victory; and Alice, aiming at Emily far down the lawn, swats her a blow that wins the commendation of players and onlookers alike, and the whole complexion of the game is changed in an instant. A minute more, and Peter and Emily would have gone out. Now the game proceeds for at least a half hour, and in the end Tom and Alice hit the stake.

Croquet is not only fun to play; it is fun to watch. And a gallery may sit serenely on rustic benches, not having to walk, as they do when they follow champion golfers. Cheers from the bleachers help a great deal. They keep the players' morale steady, just as silence after a poor shot breaks it to fragments.

Edward VII loved croquet. He brought it back into favor after it had been partially abandoned in England during his reign. It must have suited his stolid temperament. But he was a gay monarch, and I doubt if he would have cared for the game unless he counted it among the happy sports. It is said that some of his clever courtiers often made poor strokes so that their King might appear to have won; but I doubt the truth of this legend. The English aren't built that way. It would be considered poor sportsmanship thus to seem stupid; and somehow one can tell when a player has purposely made a false stroke.

There are kings of the game in America; and he is fortunate who has witnessed the open tournaments of Jack Baragwanath, Herbert Swope, Alexander Woollcott and Raoul Fleischmann, down at the country house of the last named on Long Island. Splendid players all; royal players who ponder long over every shot since mighty stakes are in the balance. I dread to name the figure for which these Spartans play. It would take your breath away. No wonder that they meditate, before an oblique shot; no wonder that partners go into a huddle, discussing the

(Continued on page 59)





One Place Where Water Is Appreciated

In the Garden, of Course:
For Every Estate Today,
Large or Small, Must Have
Its Decorative Pool and, if
Possible Its Swimming Pool



RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

ABOVE—This most picturesque of decorative pools is on the estate of John L. Severance in Pasadena. It is flanked on either side by a lovely vine-covered pergola. With its misty depths, its wall fountain half hidden under vines, lush mats of waterlilies, it might easily have escaped from some ancient garden along the Golden Arno. Reginald D. Johnson, architect; Paul G. Thiene, landscape architect

BELOW, opposite page—This decorative lily pool in the garden of Ellis L. Phillips at Plandome is at the end of an allée of pleached lindens. The coping of the pool is limestone; cedars at the far end form a background for the garden, and bronze urns are mounted on green pedestals at each end of the crescent pool. The space is planted with waterlilies and all about the edge are clumps of tall Madonna lilies. Ruth Dean, landscape architect



RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

ABOVE—Small swimming pool on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Lehman at White Plains. The planting all about the pool has been arranged most beautifully by Ruth Dean, landscape architect. Below the terrace which borders the pool is the rose garden, and over the terrace a vine covered pergola



LEFT—An ancient wall fountain in the Severance garden at Pasadena, planted with waterlilies, lotus, fleur-de-lis; just a glimpse of the classic pergola is seen at the side and a tall marsh plant blooms out in wide feathery blossoms over the wall and the end of the pool. Photographs of this pool courtesy "California Gardens," by Winifred Starr Dobyns. The Macmillan Co.

A small cabinet-topped desk



Louis XV desk with marquetry front



Louis XVI desk used as beauty table



Louis XV desk and Régence armchair

French Desks in Modern Rooms

By EDWARD WENHAM

WHEN the earlier 18th Century rooms of England are compared with those of France, there is a patent sense of that home-like respectability introduced to Britain by the Dutch as contrasted to the natural light-heartedness of the Gallic temperament. That desire for poetry and romance which is so inherently French is reflected in all the arts and crafts of that country after the reign of Louis XIV. And while France was the first European country to replace her hereditary rulers by a republic, the remarkable cultural advancement which developed there was due entirely to the influence of the court and the old aristocratic families.

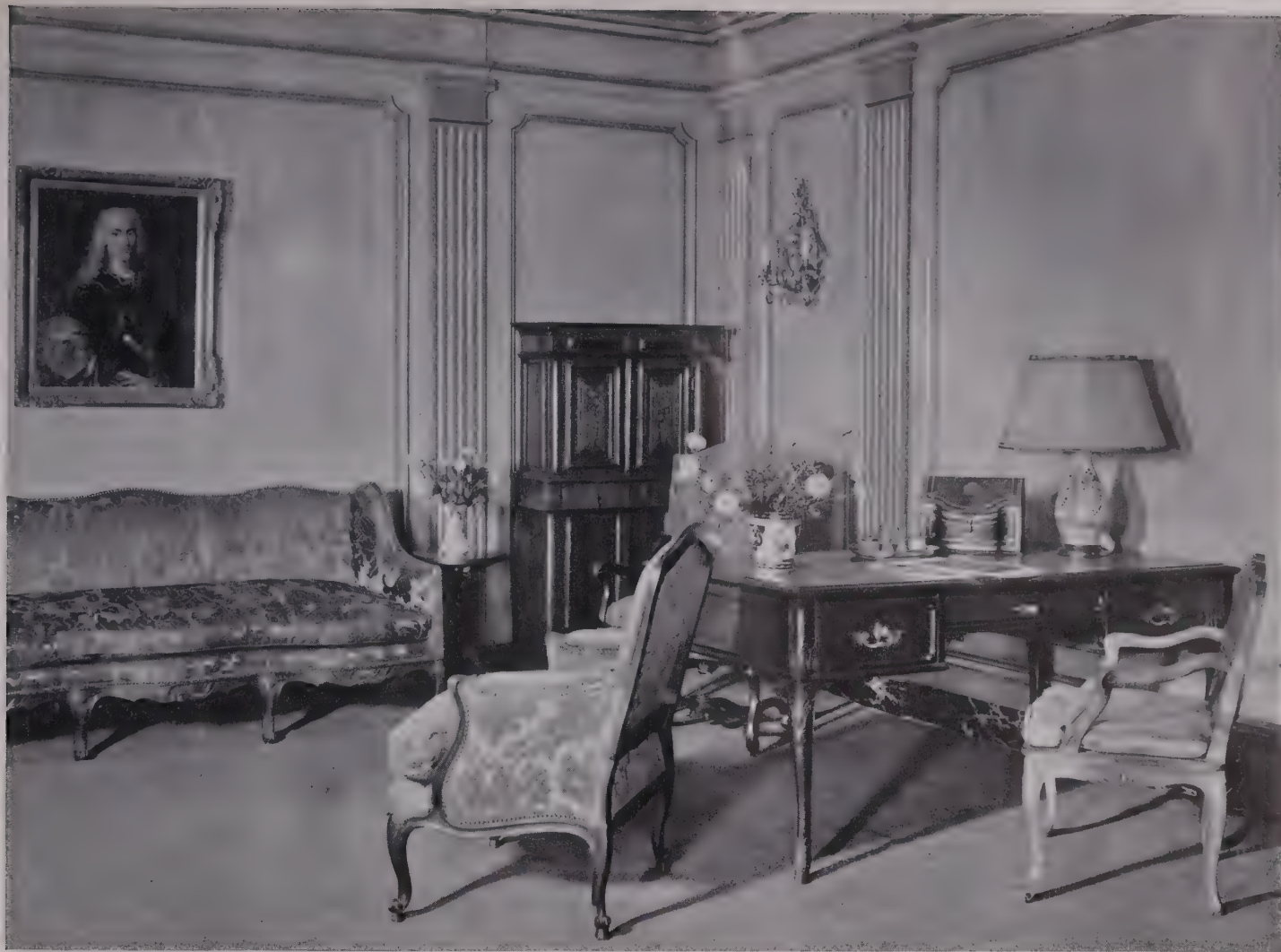
As we become familiar with French interiors of the later Louis periods, the remarkable catholicity is noticeable in the different treatments; probably the most outstanding phase is what might be termed the "poetic arrangement" of certain smaller pieces of furniture, particularly small tables and the various types of desks. In reproducing similar settings including desks and other furniture made from original models by present day cabinet-makers, we are unconsciously acknowledging the debt we owe to the famous architects and decorators of old France.

With many original French interiors there is an absence of the larger wall furniture, the intention being to introduce an atmosphere of airiness which is often lacking when the larger

(Continued on page 58)

A SMALL cabinet-top desk placed between two windows of a French room as shown at the top left, eliminates the bareness of the paneled walls. From Brunovan, Inc. The second charming desk with marquetry on the front and ormolu on the legs, is the center of a graceful corner

grouping of French furniture. Courtesy Albert Grosfeld. At the left is a corner of a Louis boudoir. A small desk has been converted into a charming toilet table, supplemented with a wall mirror, lamps and toilet accessories in silver and delicate porcelain. Courtesy Brunovan, Inc.



Louis XV desk in walnut

Desk with marquetry inlay

IN the formal French living room above, the furniture shows to excellent advantage against the simplicity of the paneling. In front of the walnut desk with its leather top is a graceful carved desk chair. The canapé and bergère are walnut, handsomely upholstered. The smaller appointments of the room are in keeping with the period. Courtesy Jacques Bodart, Inc.

TOP, left—Soft natural tones of a panel, one of a pair copied from the originals of Huet, form a colorful background for this desk and the chairs grouped about it. The desk chair is Louis XV with an old paint finish; the walnut Régence armchair is covered in Pagode needlepoint. The desk, of tulip and violet woods, has marquetry and ormolu work on all four sides. The top is tooled leather. Brunovan, Inc. Top of opposite page.



RIGHT—A room illustrating the use of a decorated desk as the pivotal center for the decorative scheme. An inlaid desk adds a warm note of color and animation to an interior. A feature in this room is the free use of pictures on the paneled wall above the large sofa. The French Period furniture is upholstered in brocades and velvets. Courtesy Brunovan, Inc.

Down Old New England Streets

The Architectural Aristocracy of America Lines these Ancient Thoroughfares in Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport and Newport. From Drawings by E. H. Suydam





Tredon Collins

LADIES still wearing cameos and bombazine would inevitably come down the steps of the famous Colonial houses on the opposite page. They would loiter on the paths, from Georgian doorways to gates surmounted with Colonial urns, to pluck a blossom from a strawberry shrub or a spray of lemon verbena. And they would either walk to church or be driven in the stately coaches of their forefathers by dignified white-haired servitors garbed in blue uniform

THE little inn above is centuries old, with its windows of small-paned glass, its low roof and flat façade. With the utmost simplicity of construction, there is a fine porch supported on fluted columns. At the right are ancient churches with bells in the steeples for fire or funeral, and parking place for old fashioned buggies, coaches and landolets. The bay at Gloucester, that most lovely of New England harbors, well-known as Naples, needs no introduction



With a Beauty Born of Fantasy



FLAMINGOES in deep pink tones are the arresting note in "Flamingo Pond," a screen by Georgia Warren. This exceedingly amusing design is against a background of three shades of gold. Palm trees are outlined against the turquoise sky and startling white water-lilies are spotted over a cold black pond. The rather sensational effect is graceful, witty, and modern



AGNES TAIT, whom we usually think of as the Court Portrait Painter for fashionable cats, has designed here a beautifully patterned screen of dark green maqueuta stems and leaves. In the foreground, white flowers sway like myriad bells on dark blue-green vines and deep in the background, graceful young swans are outlined drifting on the silver surface of a calm lake

From the Brownell-Lambertson Galleries

Russia Old or New—Whichever You Want

Camels and Locomotives Move Side by Side in the Farthest Reaches of Russia

By Mary Van Rensselaer Cogswell

RUSSIA is something different from a mere trip abroad. It is a real adventure. In crossing the Russian frontier one experiences the thrill that only comes when one sets out on a dangerous journey. Russia is so completely another world, such an amazing mixture of an old colorful civilization and a harsh new order, that comparisons become difficult. There is something altogether fascinating about a country where they establish airplane routes before building roads; where the villages have radios and moving pictures of the latest scientific discoveries while the peasants continue to sleep on stove tops to keep themselves warm; where the most elaborately staged operas and ballets, presented in theatres rich with gilt decorations are applauded by an audience of men in shirt sleeves and women with their hair tied up in handkerchiefs.

Contrary to the general impression, I found it easy to see what I wanted and travel where I wished in Russia but one has to show initiative and a certain determination. The Soviets are naturally more anxious to show you their newest block of workers' apartments than some quaint church or old palace. If your interest lies in churches, palaces and art galleries there is a diversity to satisfy the most discriminating. If on the other hand you prefer to see the state farms, the marriage and divorce bureaus, the tremendous engineering undertakings or the so-called sanatoriums where the workers take their holidays, it is equally easy to satisfy you. And Russia is a paradise for those who like to travel to strange, out-of-the-way places and see exotic peoples. There are almost two hundred different races in Russia and they range from the Esquimaux-like inhabitants of Tuva in the arctic part of Siberia, through the Kirgiz and Kazaks, descendants of Genghis Khan's Yellow Horde, who still dwell on the plains of Central Asiatic Russia, to the mixed tribes of the Caucasus and the Persian and Oriental types that live in Uzbekistan and Turkmanistan.

Unless you have plenty of time and some slight knowledge of Russian it is easier and much more satisfactory, as far as physical comfort is concerned, to take one of the numerous



TOP—A group of Kazak cowboys who rode into the opening of the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad at Bulak. Center—Kazak woman. Her elaborate headdress distinguishes her as the favorite wife. Her coat is purple velvet which conceals a dress of turkey red cotton. Left—The new meets the old in Russia. Kazak family, the favorite and the secondary wife, who rode several days on their camels to see their first locomotive at the opening of the new railroad at Bulak

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY VAN RENSSELAER COGSWELL



Kamerny Theatre, Russia

A SCENE from "Desire Under the Elms," by Eugene O'Neill, as played in the new Kamerny Theatre in Moscow. Here we see Tairoff directing

tours planned by Intourist, the state travel bureau. The tours are quite elastic in their programme and such luxuries as taxis and theatre tickets are usually included in the sum total. The tipping problem in Russia is comparatively simple. Porters receive a set tariff for each piece of luggage but other than that you are not supposed to give gratuities. However, there are few Russians who cannot be tempted into accepting a rouble or two.

Traveling in Russia was to me great fun. The trains stop often and the platforms and stations are always crowded with all sorts and kinds of humanity, all terribly excited, all carrying at least half a dozen unwieldy bundles and each one dressed in an individual assortment of garments that vary from the nondescript modern clothes of the city dweller to the brightly hued silken khalats (long coats) worn by the citizens of Samarkand and Bokhara. The head gear that I saw in Russia is equally varied and I was soon able to tell what town a man came from by his hat.

The trains that carry you to the strange as well as the better known parts of Russia are as different as the people. The trains are technically divided into "soft seats" and "hard seats" (upholstered seats and wooden benches) instead of the bourgeois distinction of first and third class. Actually, however, there are regular wagons-lits that ply between the Polish frontier and the large cities and special "luxé" trains for tours. The tracks in Russia are built with a wide gauge and the additional space adds immensely to one's comfort. The first class

wagons-lits usually have one berth to a compartment, very grand blue plush upholstery and a recess for luggage above the roof of the corridor. The porter always had a samovar boiling and at any hour of the day or night he would bring me a glass of tea that somehow managed to taste better than any I have ever had before. If you join a tour to the Caucasus, to Siberia or Turkestan the chances are that you will go in one of the "luxé" trains. The double compartments are large and the berths, instead of being one atop the other are so placed that the lower berth runs the width of the compartment while the upper berth is swung lengthwise above the window. Cool linen sheets are used and between each two staterooms is a lavatory. In each car there is a shower bath with rubberized floor and walls to prevent you from being hurt if the train jolts. Several of the cars have small gymnasiums so that you can keep fit during a long journey.

If you have a chance to travel in a private car, don't miss it. Bill Shatoff, who completed the Turkestan-Siberian railroad and is now building the new road to the Don coal fields, has a private car with a huge green tiled bath, a bedroom done in palest green, a dining room-lounge upholstered in soft Russian leather and two armed guards on each end of the car. The president of Kazakstan, a handsome youth with light bronze complexion and tremendous brown eyes, travels in a car formerly the property of some Grand Duke. The car, decorated in Adam style with panels of intricate inlay and heavy green velvet curtains weighted down with fat tassels, seems a



TWO PHOTOS COURTESY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The Children's Theatre

THIS theatre in Moscow is run for children only. The plays are voted on and approved by the children, and the ushers at the performances are all children. The management, to a certain extent, is by children, with Maxim as director

strangely incongruous dwelling for a group of half civilized nomads who probably never had anything more permanent than a felt tent to cover their heads.

If Russian humanity in the raw interests you more than scenery, the surest way of satisfying your interest is to travel in the "hard seat" cars for in no other way can a foreigner obtain a more intimate contact with the Russian masses. I found the "hard seats" unexpectedly clean and, with the aid of an air pillow, not as uncomfortable as they look. For a rouble you can rent a mattress and sheets and pillow cases that come in bags sealed by the government so that you can have no misgivings as to their cleanliness. There are four people to a sleeping compartment but for the shorter trips any number of people squeeze in. There is no discrimination as to sex and your fellow traveling companions may turn out to be anything from fierce looking Cossacks to a group of boy and girl students starting off on a holiday. The "hard seats" are very cheap. It costs about twelve dollars to travel from Vladikavkaz in the Caucasus to Moscow, a journey of three days. Russians are by nature very friendly and even more

curious about you than you are about them. So before I had been on the train an hour I found fellow travelers who spoke some English, French or German. A crowd collects and before you know it they ask so many questions about America that there is no opportunity to put them through a questionnaire on Russia.

Leningrad and Kiev are the cities for lovers of old Russia. Both have a touch of melancholy and a flavor of decay that comes to cities whose days of glory have passed. The main interest in Leningrad centers in the Hermitage museum and the various palaces of the Roman-

offs in the city and at Tsarskoe-selo. Next to the Louvre the Hermitage is the most important museum in Europe. The collections of paintings and porcelains are superb but the collection of Scythian gold is priceless and should not be missed. This collection, and many jeweled curios as well, are kept in the vaults of the museum and special permission has to be obtained to view them. These golden objects of exquisite workmanship were unearthed in the Crimea and in the vicinity of the Black Sea. They were supposedly made by the Scythians, a rather general name for a people or peoples who roamed in those regions several centuries before the Christian era.

Those who are more intrigued by the history of the revolution will want to visit the Yousopoff palace where Rasputin was murdered, the balcony of the ballerina's house where Lenin made his famous revolutionary speech and the Putiloff machinery works where several of the revolutionary movements were originated.

Kiev is even more of a shell than Leningrad. The famous monasteries are almost empty, there are few pilgrims who come to worship at the shrines and the monks have dispersed like chaff before the wind.

Moscow throbs with life. The air feels vital and I sensed accomplishment at a tremendously accelerated tempo. There are no end of places to visit and interesting things to do. The Soviet guides will arrange a tour of the Kremlin, trips to factories, to nurseries, to the Anti-religious museum, to communal restaurants and to the ballet and opera. But there are many fascinating jaunts to make that the guides either do not know about or else consider unimportant as objects of propaganda. Moscow is literally overrun with funny little churches, many of which can be unobtrusively entered by a side door. The church of the Tartar Virgin near the Chinese wall is particularly charming and the church where Poushkin used to worship, while more pretentious, has great historic interest. Besides the museum in the Kremlin and the Revolutionary museum there are two picture galleries that are worth while. One is the Triatakof, which houses a collection of pictures painted by Russian artists. As a history of Russian art it is interesting and its early 1900 atmosphere makes it reminiscent

(Continued on page 60)

A WATER carrier of Bokhara. He dips water out of a series of almost stagnant pools and carries it to his customers in a goatskin. The government requires the boots



Canal in Leningrad in which Rasputin's body was thrown. Church is a copy of St. Basil's, over the spot of Czar Alexander's assassination





From the Brownell-Lambertson Galleries

THE Lunge." Screen by Major Felton. Gorgeous color sweeps over the surface of this screen, intensifying the dramatic quality of the design. The shield is red-orange, the hurling figure in black, purple and dark blue, the curving tiger in yellow and dark gray stripes. Background is a faintly tarnished silver with the quality of misty moonlight, receding intentionally from the figure

Gay Colors and a Tragic Note

Italian Decoration, Flawless in Detail



"Italian" as Applied to Style Covers a Wide Range of Time with Many Epochs Represented. Illustrations in This Article Show Examples of 15th Century Work Continuing to the 19th Century. Here We See Italy, the Creator of Fashion, to Italy, the Adopter of Fashion

By RALPH F. ROBERTSON

THE Villetta at the Villa Palmieri near Florence is shown here. It has the usual iron carved grilles on the first floor, a balcony over the arched entrance, with latticed iron grille, a low-pitched tile roof with wide overhang—all typical of the Italian villa

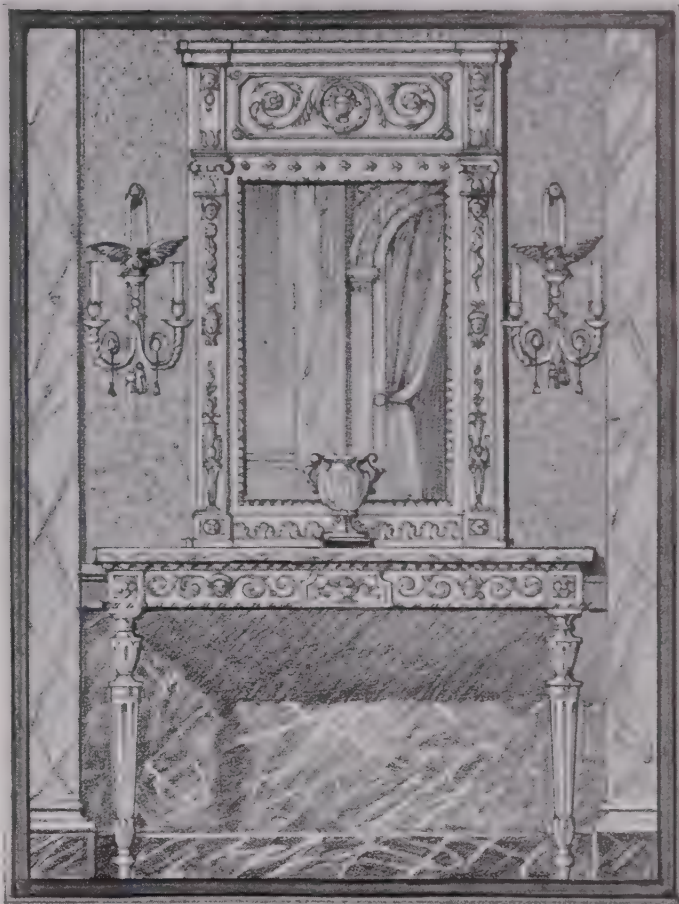
A 16TH Century room is shown below with rough plaster walls, painted. The ceiling is coffered, low relief, with painted decoration. The great mantel is of stone, and the furniture is 16th Century. The velvet, damask, tapestries and embroideries are 16th Century fabrics



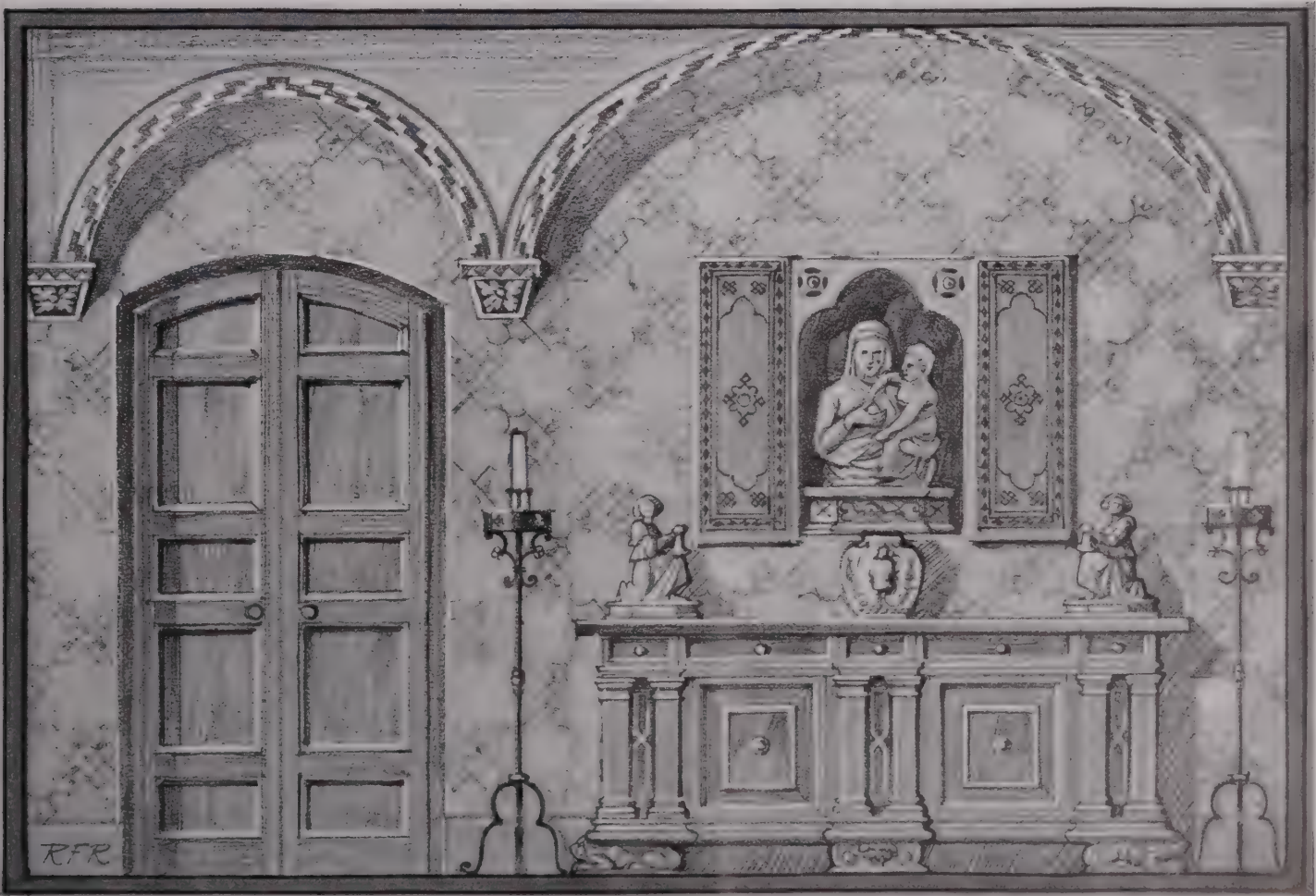
THIS Venetian painted commode, made during the last half of the 18th Century, can still be seen in the Civic Museum in Milan. The commode and the carved mirror above it show the French influence in Italian decoration



A PAINTED and gold console table with a marble top and a mirror above. All are special pieces made in Rome, the early part of the 19th Century, yet showing a strong Empire influence with also some suggestion of Directoire



A VERY interesting type of 16th Century decoration with the diaper motif is shown in the dining room. Many of the rooms in the Davanzati Palace are decorated in this manner. In fact this 15th Century credenza was originally in the Davanzati collection





The Vincent Astor Building, 120 East End Avenue

Homes Planned

A 17-ROOM Maisonette apartment is certainly a new living idea, so good, in fact, that this house won the medal of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects this year. This Vincent Astor maisonette has its private entrance from the street and a wide garden court; as well as spacious living quarters in closely related drawing room, dining room and library

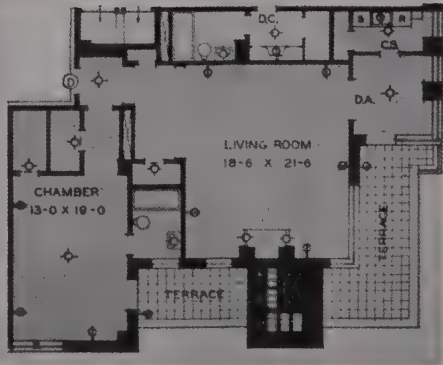
THERE is a fine opportunity for distinguished social existence in this apartment at the left. The reception room, living room and library connect and but a door away is the large dining room. This apartment faces Central Park and beyond the oak paneled lobby is a little garden of its own. There are narrow balconies for tea or talk

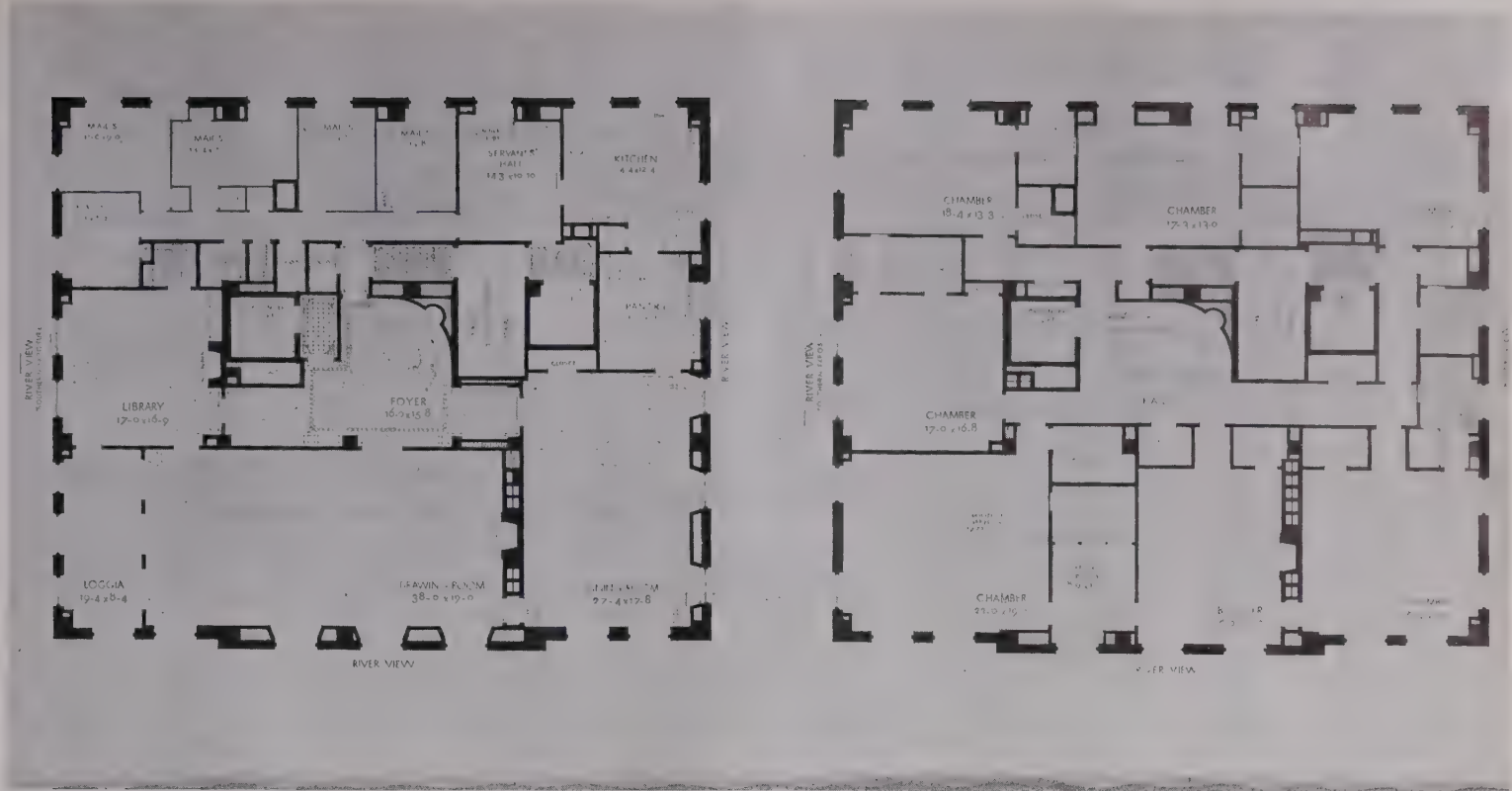
THERE was a time when one must either have a very large and very comfortable apartment or a very small and very inconvenient one. But now people accustomed to luxury are planning delightful homes on a smaller scale and they are to be found in apartments like the one below. A one, two or three room apartment, with dressing room and bath, is one of the new living ideals expressed by the architects, Roger H. Bullard, Philip L. Goodwin & Kenneth Franzheim



834 Fifth Avenue, a new duplex apartment on lavish scale. Rosario Candela architect

400 East 57th Street, apartment with few rooms, ample space, comfort and convenience





River House, at 52nd Street and East River, Bottomley, Wagner & White, architects

for New Social Ideals

One of the Most Delightful Results of the Depression Are Some of the Fascinating New Apartments that Are Being Built for that Almost Forgotten Social Ideal, Home Entertainment. The Large Apartments Have Reception Rooms, Drawing Rooms, Libraries and Playrooms. There Are Small Apartments with Large Rooms and Every Luxury

ABOVE—River House, a coöperative apartment new, already famous in the annals of fine and luxurious living, is arranged with large rooms, balconies overlooking the river, and terraces furnishing a glimmer of green turf with a sound of falling water from a fountain in the court

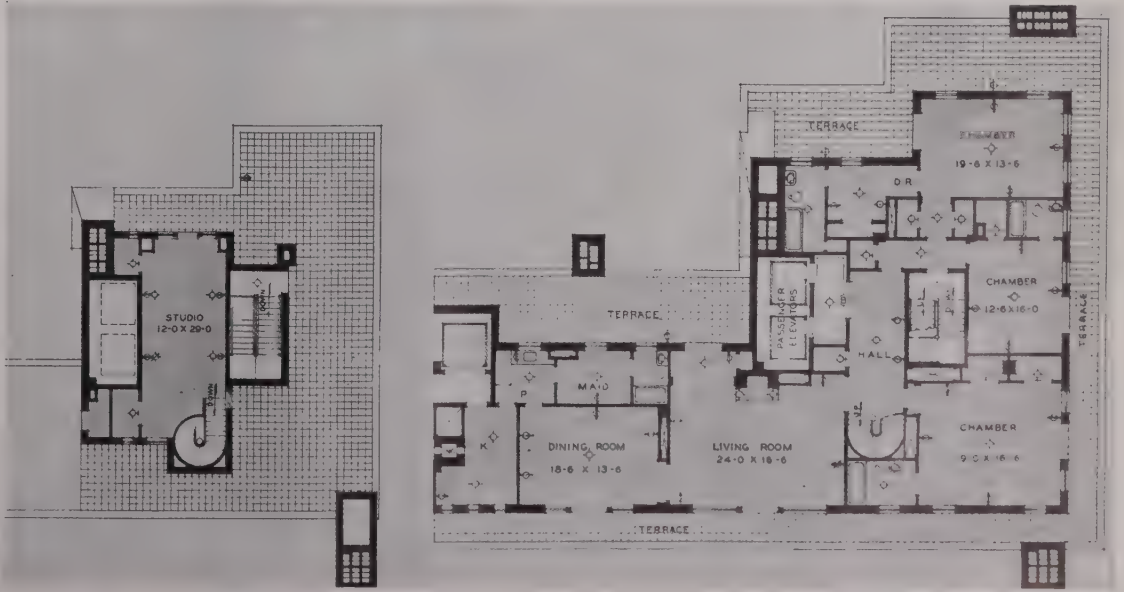
CENTER—In this simplex apartment we have a complete scheme of living for a family of four with three maids, excellent service suggestions, fine opportunity for entertaining, and good sized bedrooms, all with baths and some with dressing rooms. Sloan & Robertson, architects

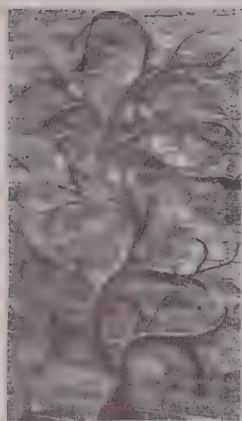
ONE of the newest of the luxurious New York apartments with a penthouse studio and wide terraces surrounding both penthouse and apartment, from which one gains a beautiful view of the river. This apartment, of Rose Cumming's, is charmingly arranged for entertaining in a gay fashion



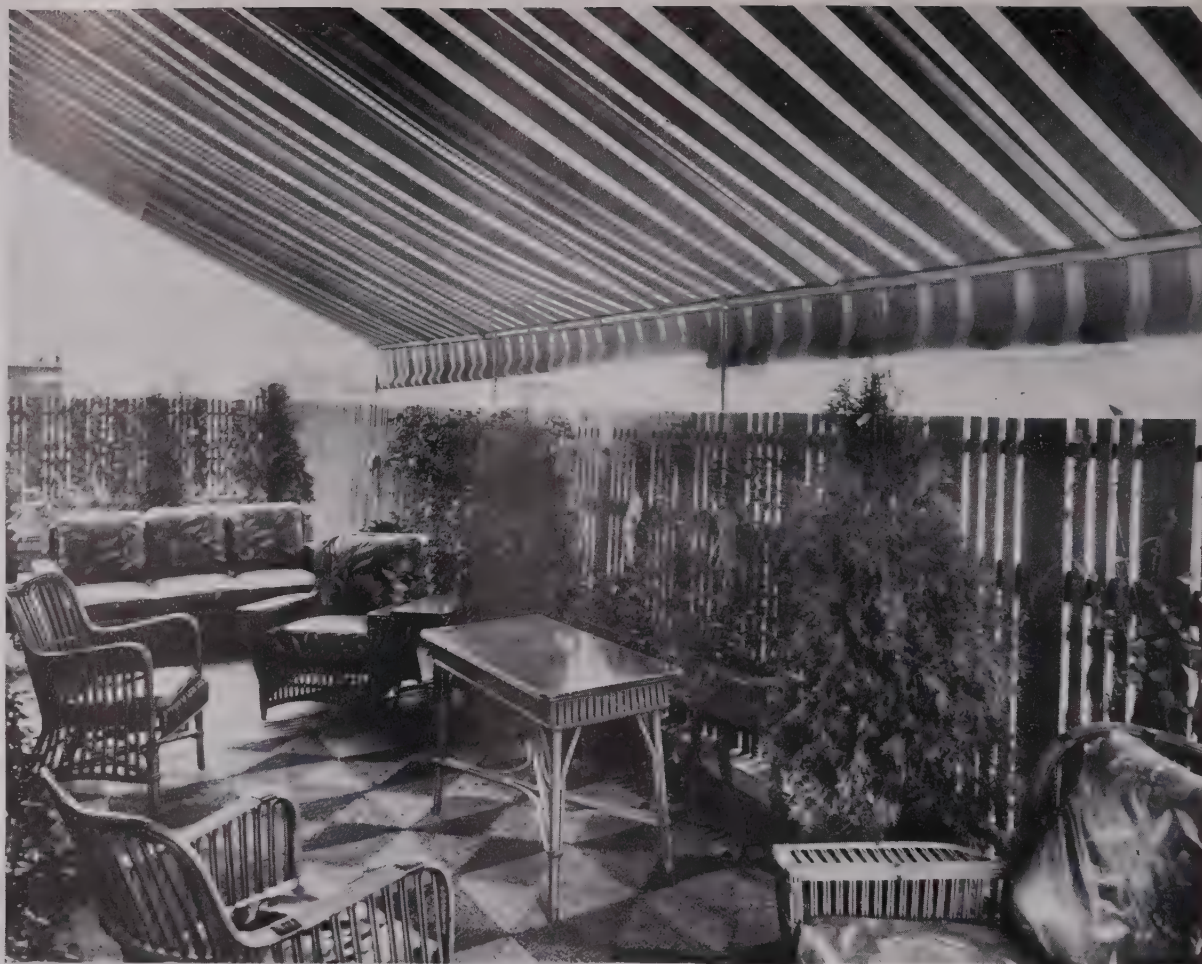
400 East 57th Street

895 Park Avenue





AGAINST the blank spaces of brick wall, hand-wrought iron vine scrolls make an effective decorative spot, and a contrast in texture. From the terrace garden of Dr. Robert Bickley



Gardens Along The Sky-Line

New York Penthouses Are Immensely the Vogue During the Summer for Daytime or Evening Entertaining—Badminton and Bridge of Course, and All the New Outdoor Games

George Frederick Pentecost,
Decorator

TO be practical, enjoyable and safe, terrace gardens must be protected from the high winds, and so guarded that one has no sense of real or imagined danger. William Rhinelandier Stewart's terrace garden, shown above, has a chestnut picket fence which is well adapted to this use

THE lines, colors and materials of the Spanish garden lend themselves particularly well to the terrace. In this garden of Schuyler Schieffelin's New York home, rhododendrons and evergreens are boxed in vivid tiles. Floor and walls are cast stone, permanently colored in warm tones



ON the delightful terrace of Princess Charles Murat a Cape Cod type of cottage picket fence is used as a background for a profusion of daisies, and ivies that climb up over the top. A permanent awning makes this "outdoor living-room" convenient and comfortable in all kinds of weather. The slat floor allows necessary drainage

THE effect of a latticed wall and an atmosphere of seclusion is achieved in this penthouse garden of L. A. Cushman, by bringing the lattice-work right up to the line of the permanent awning. In the iron grilles potted plants and flowers contribute vivid color in a screen-like effect



ANOTHER of the wrought-iron scrolls, used on either side of a vine-covered lattice in the penthouse terrace of Dr. Robert Bickley

Windows That Look Toward the Past

By DOROTHY WHITNEY

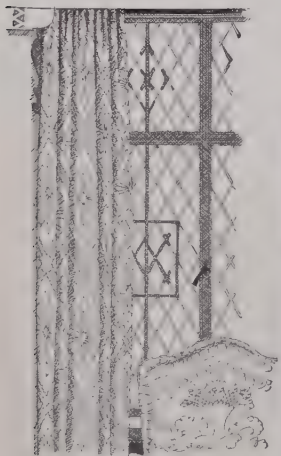
THIS is the time of year when every woman with the least vestigial remainder of the nesting instinct looks over her house, and decides that she simply can't go through another winter without making some vital changes in the décor. All up and down the land the lady of the manor is explaining to the lord of the manor that she's tired of it all, from the window curtains to the Louis Quinze chairs. And—all up and down the land—the lord of the manor is explaining, in his most financially embarrassed manner, that the most they can logically demand of any decorative scheme is that it include a roof over their heads; and that any minor eccentricities of the Louis Quinze chairs should be regarded with a kindly and forgiving eye.

It generally ends in a compromise. The Louis Quinze chairs remain in all their rococo glory, looking just as daintily incapable as ever of supporting so mighty a monarch. The roof remains firmly attached over their heads. . . . But—down come the curtains. A few yards of something new at the windows, perhaps a chair re-upholstered, a pillow recovered—and life goes on. That old, tired, too-familiar room has, decoratively speaking, had its face lifted.

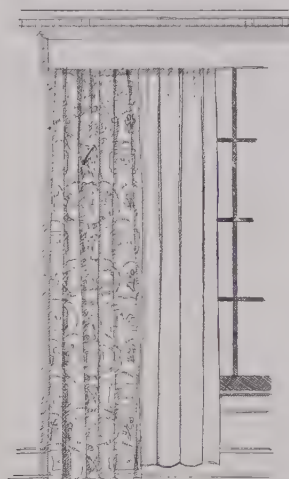
Of course, now that modernism has sown its wild oats and is settling down to being quite a credit to us all, it becomes necessary to seriously consider the problem of modern fabrics for modern windows. And, as a matter of fact, the new contemporary fabrics are so exciting that they make you want to start all over again on a twentieth century shoestring. Particularly if you're one of those moderns who can't look a Dresden Shepherdess squarely in her China blue eye, while you think your twentieth century thoughts, serve your twentieth century cocktails, and wear your twentieth century frocks, without feeling just a bit out of character.

Consider, for example,—the striped fabrics. Not the usual common or garden variety stripes, but very contemporary affairs—wide blocks or bands of color that place themselves squarely in the modern scheme of things by running horizontally instead of vertically. They shade in ombre effect from light to dark, and are really very sophisticated about color. Just for instance—white shading to beige, to rust, to brown, and ending up dramatically in a band of black weigh-

FOR windows that look back to the red and gold splendor of the Renaissance—rich brocades hang in heavy sculptured folds. Courtesy of the Herter Looms



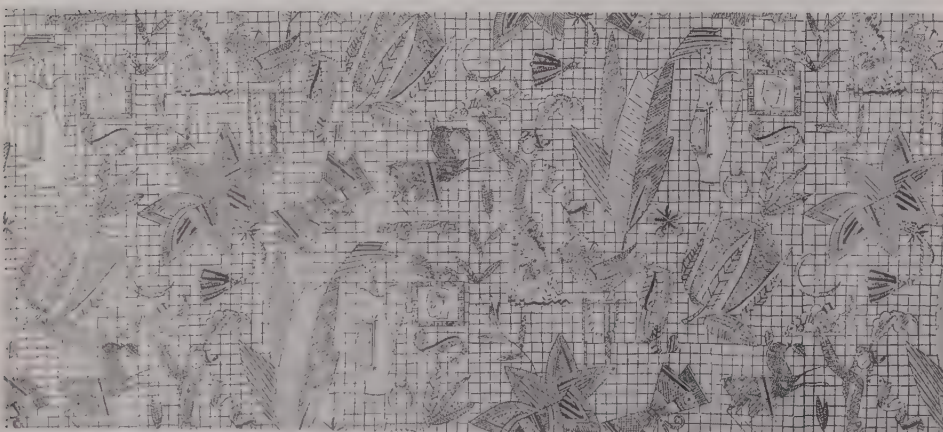
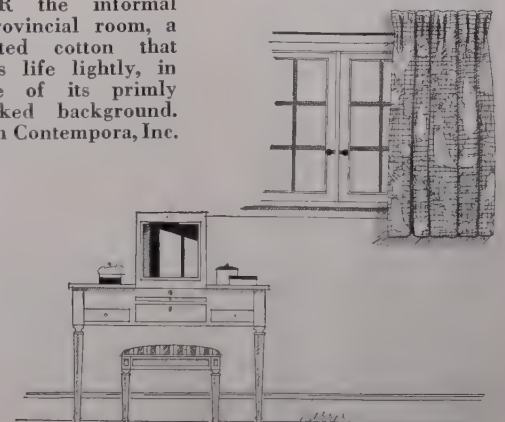
FOR Colonial rooms, native wildflowers bloom patriotically on chintzes, and quaint scenes remind us that once upon a time our cities were towns. With white satin, brocade, rep. J. H. Thorp



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL



FOR the informal provincial room, a printed cotton that takes life lightly, in spite of its primly checked background. From Contempora, Inc.



And Windows That Face the Present

ing heavily on the floor. Exactly the right progression of color to set off the fine natural wood tones, the metal highlights, the large neutral areas of modern living rooms. Incidentally they're hand woven, which we consider a very unexpected pleasure in this machine age of ours. And furthermore, they can be woven to order in any color combination you want, even if your order is not large. At last we can be individualists in our own small way—we lie awake nights trying to think up exotic and unprecedented color combinations.

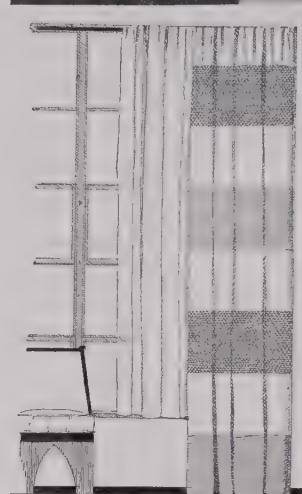
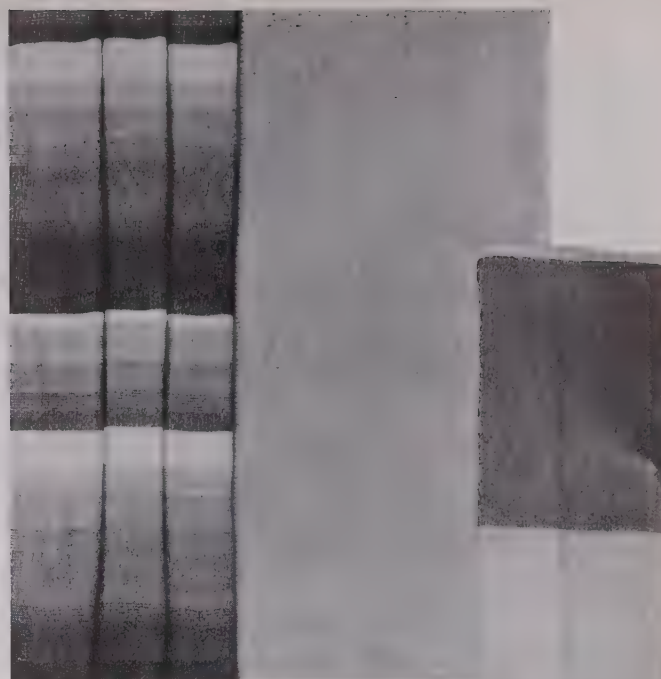
For the living room with plenty of pattern and a tendency to be just a bit too well bred and restrained about color, we like the vivid severity of goatshair curtains. They come from India we understand, and suggest a very glorified and exalted version of camel's hair. Hanging in deep piled heavy folds, those pillars of brilliant color flanking the windows are as effective as a dash of lipstick on a pale face.

Incidentally, now that we've taken to upholstering modern chairs in tweeds, goatshair seems particularly in order. The two types of fabric are so obviously fitted for each other that no decorator would really have the heart to separate them. One happy alliance that we particularly approved—vivid red goatshair curtains, forming a brilliant background for a black wooden chair, upholstered in a brown and white tweed. These tweeds, by the way, are charming—imported homespun, checks, diagonals, giant herringbones—all sorts and varieties of weaves in grand "woody" shades, just waiting for a home on your tubular chromium plated modern chairs. Just another of those obviously sound "Why-didn't-we-think-of-it-before" ideas.

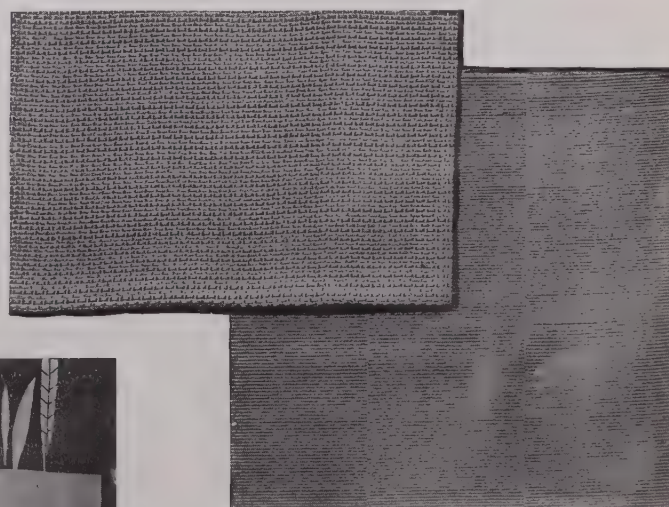
While we're on the subject of modern upholstery fabrics—we really ought to mention horsehair. No, we haven't mixed our periods. These are very contemporary horsehairs, doing their best to look like something we've never laid eyes on before. Really very effective too, in woven geometric patterns. Not until you feel that cool slippery feeling do you recognize an old friend, formerly the pride of the front parlor when we were all very young. Incidentally, it will probably still be the pride of the house when we're very old—it hasn't lost any of its sturdy durability in spite of its new frivolous ways.

For informal modern rooms, we give all sorts of applause to those crisp little cottons from Contempora. They're designed by well known artists and designers, and literally convert your sunporch or breakfast room into an "objet d'art." We particularly liked a simple modern design suggesting

(Continued on page 58)



STRIPES—as modern as a penthouse—provided they're generously wide, horizontal, and sophisticated in color. With white linen chenille. Courtesy Metropa Fabrics



SUNSHINE by the yard, for the sunporch or breakfast room. A warmly vivid printed cotton with strictly contemporary tulips. Contempora, Inc.

COMPANION fabrics, in chenille. Just enough alike to be used successfully on the same squarely modern couch. And—just different enough to add interest to reversible pillows. Metropa Fabrics

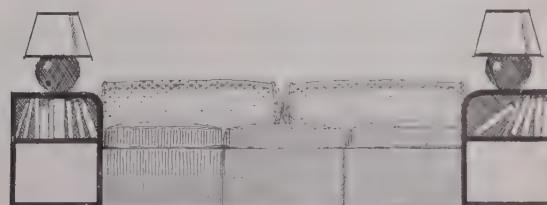




PHOTO BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS

AGAINST old Chinese paper panels are placed beds all in white—white woodwork and ivory damask coverings. A fine contrasting note is the green-blue taffeta of the dressing table. The one-toned carpet is a delicate rose. Irene Sidley, decorated this room

BELOW—A reception room decorated by Miss Gheen, Inc., has peach toned walls with Pillemont designs. The curtains are Chinese figured gauze with gold pagoda cornice boards. The walnut frame love seats are upholstered in tête-de-nègre cut velvet and the lampshades are a delicate tone of green

The First New York Exhibition of the American Institute of Interior Decorators





Photographs Courtesy Knoedler Galleries

ABOVE—A dining room in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Spitzglass. The room is done in French provincial manner by Florence Ely Hunn, with figured chintz curtains and the low Provincial chairs with tied-on mats. Antique sideboard holds bits of pewter and old French pottery

BELOW—This English dining room is in the Cleveland residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Shraner. The window draperies are an imported India fabric. The small casement windows are clear but in the panes are outlined details of the garden. The Rorimer Brooks Studios, decorators



ABOVE—In this amusing game room, called a "Groggery," the walls are of weathered deal. The early American tavern tables are painted deep blue in satin finish with Windsor chairs to match. Of course there are hooked rugs in many colors and curtains of deep blue and orange stripes. Undercurtains are also orange. Sport prints decorate the old deal walls and there is an interesting collection of beer mugs on the shelves. Dorothy Baxter, decorator

The Amateur Gardener

By GAY YOUNG

shaded Betty Uprichards, as well as very finely developed blooms of Georges Prenet and Angela Prenet. Some exquisite sprays of the smaller, more delicately colored orchids, grown and arranged by Mr. Walter A. Jewell, of New Rochelle, made another interesting exhibit.

A NEW YORK woman, who has her summer home and a fine plot of annuals in a New Jersey coast town, had a neighbor whose hobby was Buff Orpington chickens. He gave his flock the run of his place—took an affectionately indulgent attitude toward their capers in his own flower beds. The lady with the annuals reacted rather differently to their peregrinations in her cherished garden. One afternoon when half a dozen of them came charging across her beds she set grimly to work with string, grains of corn, and mysteriously lettered cards. Shortly afterward, a strange procession of guilty-looking cornfed hens marched back to the Orpington fancier, each dangling from her beak on a string a neatly lettered card reading, "Back from a good afternoon



WILD strawberries are used as an unusually effective planting in the crevices between stone steps to a French provincial house on Long Island. These particular plants were brought over from France and grow in thick masses even though they are almost entirely shaded. I have never seen rock plants more charming than these are during the three or four weeks when they are crowded with red berries. It would be interesting to experiment with our native wild strawberries in this fashion.

GARDEN paths may well be taken into consideration now, before any seeding is done for next season. A skillfully laid out path can contribute much to the architectural unity of your garden and house. Materials should be carefully selected for color and texture, and the design of the pathway determined by the nature of its environment, the frequency with which the path is used, and the physical proportions of the planting about it. The path of alternate square stones at the head of this page is in the garden of Theodore M. Fisher at Colorado Springs. It fairly tempts you to the rose-tangled tea house. Among the young birches in the garden of Mrs. Frederick H. Eaton at Allenhurst, N. J., grass grows between each slab of a cement walk, and takes away its formality. Mellow old bricks, some end-up, grown with all sorts of moss and tiny plants, make a walk through the bird sanctuary in the country garden of Isabella Pendleton.

A BOWL of hybrid tea roses from the Huntington, Long Island, estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field was awarded first place at the exhibition of summer flowers which was held in connection with the final summer meeting of the New York Horticultural Society. There were among these fine examples from the Field garden several of the lovely copper-



Top left—Alternate square stones are placed in a turf path which leads through the garden of Theodore M. Fisher at Colorado Springs to a little summer house

A curving path on the estate of Mrs. Frederick H. Eaton at Allenhurst, N. J., winds among the white birches. Thick grass grows between the cement slabs

A quaint walk of old bricks between which grow grasses, moss and small plants, is bordered by flowers and shrubs in the bird sanctuary of Isabella Pendleton



of scratching in Mrs. B——'s garden." The Orpingtons are still wondering why they've not been let out of their pen since that nasty experience with the corn.

FREQUENT and thorough soaking of the earth around the roots of roses was recommended by Mr. Charles H. Totty as an antidote for many of the ills of roses in a "rose clinic" he conducted at a meeting of the New York Horticultural Society recently. Mr. Totty said that roses could hardly be overwatered; that often insect attacks and the browning of undeveloped blooms can be traced to the deeper roots being dry, even when the surface of the soil is quite moist. Mr. Totty attributes the luxuriant blooming habits of roses in Europe to the dampness of their climate. He believes that most American roses receive too little moisture.

REMINISCENT of an old English garden is the estate of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hutchinson, which won the first award for Port Washington in the recent garden competition, sponsored by the newspapers of several adjoining Long Island shore towns. Mrs. Hutchinson is president of the Port Washington Garden Club and, being of English birth, she has planted the borders around her half-timber and stucco house with a profusion of hairbells, foxgloves, verbenas, pinks, delphinium and yellow oenothera.



Above — Through this charming wooden gate, roofed with Spanish tiles, leads a curved brick path. This is in the California garden of Dr. J. J. Gundry

Left—A lily pool offers opportunity for shady, inviting paths, and if the garden is large the path can be half-screened from the pool by trees and shrubs



A "LANDSCAPE and Garden Institute of the Air," newly organized in New York City, announces as its purpose: "To create a garden center in the heart of New York where flower lovers may meet to discuss problems of mutual interest; where amateur growers may come for information; where information regarding garden activities that are under way in the metropolitan area may be obtained; where lectures on garden design, garden culture and kindred topics will be scheduled regularly; and where garden

craftsmen may permanently exhibit examples of their products." The radio will be used to stimulate interest in the institute.

PUSH carts were featured in the final session of the Annual Flower Show at Newport, held in July at the Newport Casino. The whole show was devoted to artistic arrangements, and in one novel class an award was given for the most beautifully arranged cart of flowers, plants, fruits and vegetables. Another interesting class was the "still life" pictures, made up of flower arrangements in composition with inanimate objects. While the "picture" of Mrs. Nicholas Brown's, which was entitled "Repeal," did not win an award, it attracted a great deal of interest and amusement. In the larger group of exhibits, first prizes were won by Mrs. James B. Duke, Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren, and Mrs. Samuel M. Nicholson, while second prizes were awarded to Mrs. Walter Belknap James, Mrs. Edward V. Hartford, and Mrs. Harold Brown. Mrs. Vanderbilt was given

first prize for the best floral bed and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James received Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster's coveted award of a cup for the best exhibit, with an elaborate display set on the crescent shaped piazza, which had for its

lief motif delightful fountain effects. The entire show was most successful.

EAST HAMPTON'S Guild Hall was transformed into a Spanish marketplace for their recent summer flower show. Painted Andalusian carts full of potted plants made the brick terrace look like a gala day in an old town in Spain. Indoors, cleverly arranged baskets of fruit and vegetables splashed their colors against vivid Spanish shawls. A pottery market added further interest.

First awards were given to these people: Mrs. John Lawrence Hutton, for an arrangement of flowers on a breakfast tray; Mrs. Harold McL. Turner, for a breakfast arranged for four; Mrs. Albert Herter, for flowers in hall decoration; Mrs. Samuel Hanson Ordway for floral decoration with paintings, and also first for flower arrangement.

In the groups of single varieties of flowers, awards were made to Mrs. James W. DeGraff and Mrs. Carter Leidy for iris; to Miss Edna Nash, Mrs. Edward H. Jewett and Mrs. George Robetts for flowers of pink and violet tones; Miss Pruyn, Mrs. Hamilton King and Mrs. E. H. Jewett for white flowers; Mrs. Wm. H. Woodin for blossoms of orange or yellow tones.

Mrs. Ancell Ball took the first award for rare flowers, and for lilies. Mrs. Scott McLanahan, Mrs. Carter R. Leidy, Mrs. Samuel Hanson Ordway, and Mrs. Woodhouse also showed rare flowers. Mrs. Wm. Maloney and Mrs. George L. McAlpin were chairmen of the show.

YOU probably never thought, as you were strolling across Fifty-Third street, that high up in the air above you anyone could be doing a thing as rural as picking cherries out of a penthouse "orchard." Since being truthful about cherry trees is one of our few national traditions, I hasten to add that the orchard really consists of but one tree, and its crop this year was three dozen cherries. But it just goes to show how far afield the enthusiasm for penthouse gardens may lead us. Mrs. L. M. Shoonmaker, who nurtured the tree up close to the sky at 320 East 53rd Street, also has a small rock garden on her terrace, and an herb patch which yields many a tasty sprig for soups and salads.

WHEN certain flowers do not like a musical tune which is being played in the room where they are they politely but persistently turn their heads away, according to an experimental botanist in London. He insists that carnations and cyclamen always show definite "displeasure" at loud sounds

from band instruments after a few hours, and that they slowly turn on the stems, and reach
(Continued on page 57)



Peonies, Canterbury bells, and foxgloves bloom in gorgeous profusion along the stone walk at "Harbour Court," the Newport home of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown

The Colorful Art of Modern Indians

By F. NEWLIN PRICE

In the Design and Pure Colorings of Indian Painting we Find a Vividness and Dramatic Quality which is Fresh and Pleasing—An Expression of the Natural Beauty of Primitive Life

OUT of a forest primeval, from purple mountains and green valleys, from the far stretches of the prairies, comes the gay art of our Indians. Youths, with names as musical as songs, have painted the ceremonial garbs, representing the deer, bison and the antelope, of a dance which is sacred to their ancient gods. Their paintings, in their simplicity, in a certain quality of ingenuousness, suggest the art of the ancient Chinese and Persians. They are refreshing in color, amazing in design. Music dwells in all their patterns, pure, clear and barbaric. Wild, untamed as the forest, they conform, nevertheless, to certain definite conventions, for even in the art of a primitive people, form is a vital and an ever-present element.

from a finite culture centuries old. Painted in mediums which were well known to the Pueblos, they reflect a high civilization, as fine in its way as that of Greece. The Greek vase is not more beautiful than the vase of the high Indian—it is merely another kind of beauty. In it is no trace of the amateur; it is not an accident. It is from the hand of genius, picturing the treasured vision of countless years, for the world's enrichment.

To have moved into a house is not necessarily to have blessed it. We own the land now, and we have slowly pushed the aborigines away, farther and farther toward the ultimate sea. And still they have lived and breathed, have seen and known delight. So let us sympathize with their art, and find



Below, left—"Deer Dance," a painting by Awatsireh. The deer horns and evergreens combine in effective simplicity in this composition. Photographs courtesy Ferargil Galleries

Above—"Eagle," by Awatsireh, in the collection of the late Arthur B. Davies. Conventionalized eagle feathers form the predominating motif. Awatsireh is the foremost Indian artist



Years ago, in the Indian schools of the West, a teacher found an unusual ability in the sketches made by certain Indian boys, and encouraged them. He was careful to guard against harmful instruction. He did not want the art of the white man to influence the Indian, who had his own rich inheritance in the tradition of the Pueblo and Aztec paintings on the clay walls of their cliff dwellings. On blankets, leathers and potteries, the Indian began to draw from memory the scenes of religious festivals. With amazing success, his animals lived and his characters moved, adorned by costumes minutely, perfectly portrayed. He labored joyously to make them fine reflections of his stored up vision. Later he put on canvas his memories of hunts in the forests, rides across the prairies and ceremonial dances under the hunter's moon.

"The disparity between the excellence of the animal drawings, and the lumpy formlessness of the human figures of the Dordogne and Altamira paleolithic artists in Europe, has been noted by the historians." (I quote A. E. Hendersin of the NEW YORK TIMES.) These paintings are precise and definite; and could only come

a treasure in their instinct for color and arrangement. Contrast the smug complacency of some of the white men's landscapes with the rich movement and design of some Indian paintings. They draw from the spirit. I suspect many of our painters work from the reflection of uninspired desire, in a civilization without repose or relaxation, which admits of no emancipation.

When we come to speak of the individual artist, there is first one who has done nobly in creating the deserved reputation which Indian art enjoys today,—Awatsireh, who has a Navajo grandfather. His mother was an expert, the finest pottery maker in the pueblo. His uncle, Crescenio Martinez, has painted rich and surprisingly beautiful water-colors. This inherited talent shows in his delineation of Indian romance. Certainly, he stands at the head of these artists. His compositions are delightfully arranged and beautifully executed. In his wake have

Something of the excitement and rhythm of the primitive dance is preserved for us in this "Eagle Dance," painted by Awatsireh and now in the possession of Mrs. Victor Morawitz

come many who paint with beauty. Awatsireh, whose Spanish name is Alfonso Roybal, works hard at his art, encourages the circle of his friends, holds true to his ideals, and lives in the proud pursuit of finer work and better paintings.

In the work of Fred Kaboti, there is a mellow translucency of color which I enjoy. I find his paintings true color poems, capable of furnishing the key to whole rooms in decorative relief. The Basket Dance is thrilling in the amber red that permeates the figures. In the details, he is a master of execution. The masked figures stand there quite alive, yet motionless. The painting does not have the lyric arrangement of the work of some of the other modern primitives, in which the "spotting" is perfect, and leads the eye on a definitely pleasant journey. But the mellowness and depth of Kaboti's color is unrivalled. He is quite young, in his early twenties, and we may expect great things from him in future.

The paintings of Julian Martinez are like settings for a play, with their leaping does, stags and deer, with hunters under symbolic clouds. They are drama without words, often sparkling with humor. If one knows the lore of the Indians and what these

signs mean, the paintings take on added interest. To me, the sheer beauty of arrangement and suspended action are enough.

Tai Ye Mu has painted the clowns in their dance, accurately and well. If it were not for the odd, eccentric masks and costumes of the clowns, the paintings might represent a basket ball game.

Let me commend these Indian paintings to you. Their color and design, and the drama of their legend will delight you. Amid the prosaic facts of our civilization, their aboriginal romance will lead one's spirit far. It is music, translated into color, primitive, modern, historic, without ego, the song of those who lived within the cliffs, hunted the swiftest creatures of the forest; knew the people of the stream, read the message of changing clouds in the sky; and as the seasons came, danced in ceremonial worship of the beauty of life. They express the closely-knit religious and aesthetic culture of a race apart—dignified, tribally homogenous. What John Sloan once said of the ceremonial dances might well be applied to Indian painting: "People who love beautiful things, beautiful color, a beautiful expression of emotion, would lose a great deal if these were done away with."





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A Lovely Southern Walled Garden

Addison Mizner, Architect



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. GEISLER

Entrance to the walled garden on the estate of William G. Warden. The architectural treatment of this entrance and wall is suggestive of a Renaissance monastery made gracious and friendly by the tropical planting within and all about the wall

Garden Visiting—Our Newest Sport

(Continued from page 24)

for benefit of the unemployed.

Three thousand persons visited "Planting Fields", the picturesque place belonging to Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson Coe, at Oyster Bay, when they gave an old-fashioned English garden party there on May 18. And approximately another three thousand attended the classic fête held in the magnificent Greek gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, at Yonkers, for the Architects Emergency Committee relief fund.

"Planting Fields" makes a perfect romantic backdrop for just such a garden party as was held there, with its English gardens, and general atmosphere of an English country estate. The private road leading up to the house is planted on either side with a row of beech trees, and reminds one of Addison's Walk at Oxford. The massive iron gates themselves are more than two hundred years old, having been struck in 1710 for one of London's Lord Mayors. And on the day of the party the garden was a mass of old-timey pink and blue, sweet-scented spring flowers, purple wistaria, cherry, crabapple and peach blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay turned over their famous and oft-described estate, at Roselyn, Long Island, to the Girl Scouts one day early in June, to raise money for the Nassau County Girl Scouts Council. Scouts acted as guides for the visitors over the acres of stately French gardens laid out after the best manner of Le Notre, landscapist of Louis XIV. In New Jersey the movement has

created tremendous interest as well as on Long Island and in Westchester. Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart opened their estate, "Ailsa Farms", atop the Preakness Hills, for the benefit of the Paterson Memorial Day Nursery, of which Mrs. Hobart's mother is honorary president. Seven gardens in Bernardsville, and four in Peapack, were opened on the afternoon of June 16, for the Architects relief fund. Plainfield staged its Garden Day on May 24th, inviting visitors to view ten of its loveliest gardens for the benefit of the unemployed. The tour ended up with tea in the beautiful country garden of Mrs. Charles Aubrey Eaton, at "Sunbright", in Watchung.

Besides, New Jersey is the scene of tremendous interest in the small garden. Many of the garden clubs have established what they call "garden centers", where amateurs and beginners may obtain information and advice on their own particular problems of cultivation, from growing radishes in backyards to orchids in greenhouses. The garden center in Elizabeth last year had five hundred visitors with all sorts of queries.

And so it goes. The Horticultural Society reports an ever increasing demand for books and information on gardening. Perhaps it is a sudden thing—this general enthusiasm, and we can thank hard times and people's having more leisure and all that for it. Perhaps its part of the business of becoming an adult and civilized country. If it is, it is certainly what might be termed the Bright Side.

The Amateur Gardener

(Continued from page 53)

their blossoms away from the source of vibration. This opens up a new realm for the imaginative gardener—possibly by piping in the right key we may some day be able to send the chickweed and dandelions scampering off across the lawn, and away forever.

EIGHT hundred exhibitors, representing 33 garden clubs took part in the recent flower show at Bay Shore, L. I. The tricolor ribbon for the best exhibit in the show was won by Mrs. Thomas Ott, of Sayville.

GLADIOLUS

spikes will be garnered tenderly this month for exhibitions from Everett, Washington to the New England States. Club shows, city shows, state shows, and private exhibitions of gladiolus are going on everywhere. The father of all the shows, the National Gladiolus Society exhibition,

will be held in Pittsburgh, August 11, 12, and 13. The New York State Show will be held at Elmira, August 11 and 12, and the Metropolitan Gladiolus Society will have a large exhibition of choice blooms at the Bronx Park Botanical Gardens, August 13 and 14. The Connecticut State Show will be held at Hartford, August 11 and 12.

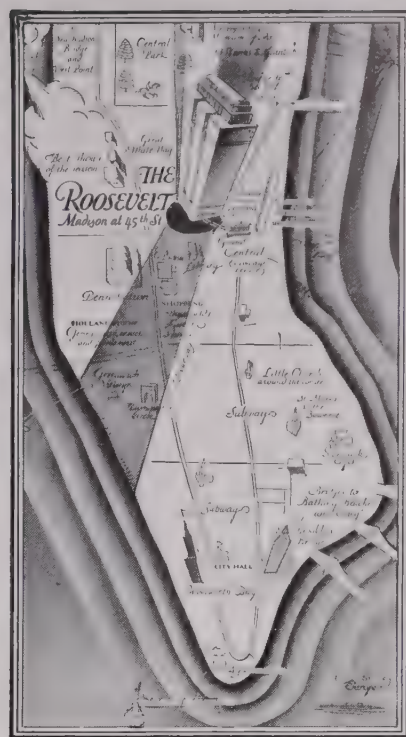
FORTY children recently took their first communion in the two chapels within the trunk of a great oak tree at Allouville-Bellechesse, near Rouen, France. The

ceremony was in celebration of the 1200th anniversary of this old tree.

THE Southampton Horticultural Society is going to hold its annual Flower Show in the Parochial School Auditorium, August 5 and 6.



A brick pathway on the estate of Mr. Harvey Firestone, Akron, Ohio, leads between stalks of hollyhocks through a series of arbors



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Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director

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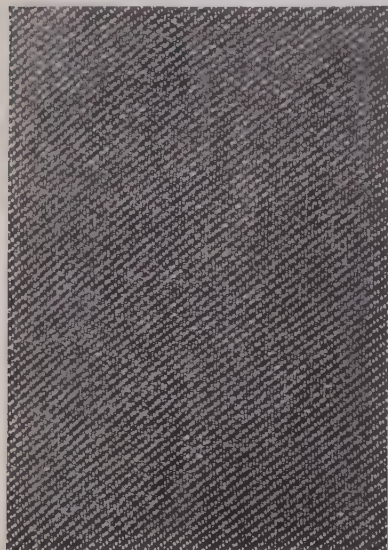


THE ROOSEVELT, NEW YORK

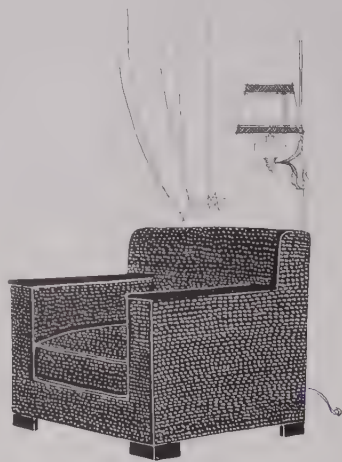
Windows—Past and Present

(Continued from page 49)

gigantic palm fronds on a pale yellow ground—good to bring a bit of sun-hot jungle into a cold gray breakfast room. We'd also rather enjoy watching pale sunlight filter through the sheer plaid cottons, in optimistic yellows and yellow greens. Until the weather gets itself more efficiently organized, we believe in playing safe and buying your sunshine by the yard. And—our very special pet was a funny little flowered mull, that really wasn't a flower pattern at all if you wanted to be botanical about it. Just splashes of color here and there in a closely related color scheme of brown, yellow, and all their sisters

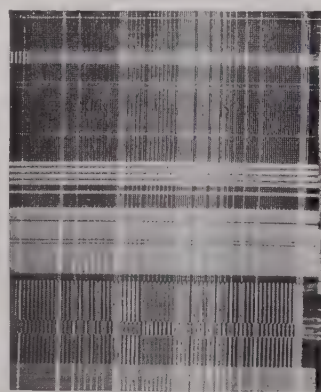


sorts of exciting new Early American chintzes, blooming in the fertile soil of the Bi-Centennial season. One, "Colonial America" by name, is particularly effective for rooms with an abundance of white in the decorative



On the more masculine types of modern furniture a rough-textured coarse fabric such as this from Forstmann Woolens combines a smartly tailored appearance with durability and novelty

scheme. Very consistently patriotic—little scenes from the early childhood of these United States: Mt. Vernon, Washington, Philadelphia, New York . . . surrounded and embellished with native wildflowers. And waving brightly over all, the Golden Rod, which we discover at this late date is our national flower—hay fever, or no hay fever. It's in semi-glazed chintz in charming color schemes, all with white playing the lead. We tried to decide which we liked best as a companion fabric—white satin, white silk rep, oyster white moire, or white goatshair damask. It looked so attractive in each case, that we decided



A Victorian type of chair, upholstered, appropriately enough, in horsehair, but how different from the shiny black stuff one remembers. Metropa Fabrics



spection turn out to be bows,—and an exotic creature that may be variously defined as a fish, bird, or weather vane, according to your mood and your knowledge of the animal kingdom. Gay Alice-in-Wonderland sort of creatures that really should make excellent breakfast table companions.

For Colonial rooms, there are all

we'd just have to waive the decision. We did definitely come to a judgment on the glass curtains however—all to the effect that they should really be in a pale pastel shade to pick up a color in the chintz, rather than in white.

Then, of course, there are the "important fabrics"—for rooms that trace their ancestry back to the Italian Renaissance,—for carved woods, iron-work, plaster walls, marble floors and occasional bursts of frivolity in Venetian painted furniture,—antique types of brocade, elaborately bordered patterns, rich reds and deep mellow colors that suggest the Old Masters. Fabrics not to be taken lightly. Fabrics to be hung in straight folds beside leaded windows that look backward some five hundred years.

French Desks in Modern Rooms

(Continued from page 32)

architectural pieces are used in a small room. Frequently a table desk became the pivoting point of a setting, the desk generally having a fairly generous surface and being placed in the center of the room. The surfaces of these desks were almost invariably decorated either with inlay or with painted motifs.

As our kind of work has required no little study of the older homes of France, it was of considerable interest, recently, to search out replicas of French interiors in the United States. We will describe a few of the several settings we have seen arranged by American decorators in the style of the Louis period and composed entirely of modern work.

It might be well to confine these to rooms having some form or another of paneled walls, because lacking the taller furniture, it is advisable that the otherwise blank walls be broken by moldings. Paneling does not necessarily refer to walls covered with woodwork, though for many people walls treated in this way have an undoubtedly greater attraction; there are other means of "breaking up" the surfaces by the application of plaster or painted wood moldings which are perhaps preferable in small rooms.

One of the accompanying illustrations is part of a living room in the Louis XV style, the walls being treated with shaped wood panels from floor to ceiling. This demonstrates the use of a writing desk as the pivotal point of the arrangement and the placing of this desk end-on to the wall between the two recessed windows offers several advantages. It might also be noted that the stationary cabinet has certain ornamental qualities and though in a quite convenient position is in no way obtrusive; similar colorful decoration being obtained from the contrasting effects of the flowers, the silver ink-stand and the book-backs.

In this room the sinuating curves of the various pieces of furniture are associated with those of the wall panels and of the fireplace. This association between the fixed and the movable woodwork is a marked feature with most of the French interiors of the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods. And though many of the curved ornamentations of the earlier 18th Century or rococo style are inclined to be excessive with some of the more elaborate desks decorated with ormolu mounts, most of us of the present time prefer the more restrained designs which rely upon carving and which are now being reproduced from the earlier models.

This same preference applies equally when considering the Louis XVI desks; for if much of the ambitious furniture intended for the great salons of that time manifests an unnecessary classicism, that made for the smaller châteaux and country homes meets with the prevailing taste of our time. And here it may be remarked that in the past few years a radical change has taken place in the use of French furniture in American homes.

It is not so long ago that, if a room were in the Louis XV or in the Louis XVI style, it was slavishly restricted to furniture of the one particular period. But we have come to realize that while the one is dependant almost entirely upon curves and

the other upon straight lines, it is possible and often to be desired to associate the two in the same interior. Experience has taught us that the very contrasts of forms are in themselves effective and as an example of this the following modern reproduction of a French room may well be used as an illustration.

Here again, we have a living room; but in place of the walls being paneled with wood, they were "broken" by moldings forming large frames and the surfaces painted grey. The pivotal point of the setting was a medium-sized Louis XVI desk placed in the center of the room and, as is usual, color was introduced by parquetry which is the technical term for a form of wood mosaic arranged in geometrical designs. Both the desk and the chair which accompanied it had the straight tapering legs marking the Louis XVI style as distinct from the sinuating curves of the previous period.

There were other pieces of furniture with the straight legs, including a half round console table against the wall with a large mirror above and a small parquetry table at either end of a sofa. What was especially noteworthy in this setting were the contrasting color effects resulting from the restrained decoration of the woodwork combined with the coverings against the varicolored pattern of a large rug; further it might be well to mention that both portraits and landscapes were hung on the walls.

It has been said that an outstanding feature of many French interiors is the absence of tall wall pieces such as bookcases and cabinets. At the same time, the furniture designers would utilize the small desks as a compromise for the lack of the taller objects; no few of the small desks having a low cabinet top on a table base with what appears to be a narrow shelf. Actually, however, this shelf is fitted with a wide hinged flap which can be opened and supported on pull-out slides or on the drawer in the base to form a quite adequate writing surface.

This style of desk was doubtless intended for boudoirs and bedrooms and it is in such rooms that they are being used at the present time. Like other small but convenient and decorative furniture, they have attracted attention for city apartments. Against a wall with an ornament or two on the top, they offer a medium of color and as the wood is almost invariably inlaid, a restful and pleasant spot of color is introduced. The top of a small Louis cabinet desk can be used to advantage as a book shelf, the varying tones of the bindings adding an attractive and informal decoration. They are also equipped with convenient cupboards and several drawers.

One of these desks will make an attractive sideboard in a breakfast room; the drawers in the table base holding the linen and cutlery and the hinged shelf, when required, becoming a side table. The top of the low cabinet can be made attractive by one or two pieces of silver and perhaps a vase of flowers.

There is no doubt that the French decorators exercised much of their talent in producing surfaces that would satisfy the demand for what

(Continued on page 59)

Croquet—Social Shock Absorber

(Continued from page 29)

means they shall use to thwart their opponents; no wonder that they sweat and strain and curse and gesticulate; no wonder that their tournaments last for hours, and night often falls before a decision is reached.

Myself, I would not rent a house in the country unless there was a croquet lawn on the property. In my present Connecticut place, I have set out the wickets, which I carry about with me as so much precious freight, on a lawn somewhat smaller than it should be. It is, I regret to say, a bumpy bit of land; but optimistically and philosophically, it being the best I could find, I have christened the game this year "Hazard Croquet," remembering all I used to know about

golf. There are little bunkers, and patches where the grass refuses to grow; there are hillocks and tree-stumps in the way, and there are tiny stones that impede one's progress. But everyone has the same chance; so what does it matter? In truth, I find it a more exhilarating game to play, thus ringed about by mental and actual hazards. I would even like to have a small water-hole or two to add zest to the playing.

Croquet will be a safety-valve for you, in these annoying times, if you have the wit to try it. It is a game where friendships begin and end. It is a test of character. Take it up.

The drawings for this article on pages 28 and 29 were made by George Clisbie.



French Desks in Modern Rooms

(Continued from page 58)

might be called "picture furniture." Some of the small slope-front bureaux with the cabinet tops have as many as eight painted panels. Frequently the subjects are copied from the beautiful landscape scenes of 18th Century artists, or perhaps the painter influenced by the ancient classic art has adapted chubby cupids or graceful goddesses; and often, too, the panels depict floral bouquets in the splendid natural colors of the varicolored blossoms. At first thought, it might possibly seem that these would be somewhat too ornate for modern taste, but there are few of us who do not recognize the aesthetic value of at least one such piece of woodwork in a room; provided, of course, that it is amidst suitable surroundings and against a proper background.

To quote one example that has come to our notice: A Louis inlaid table desk adapted in the manner of a console table below a painted vertical panel in a small hall. And it is interesting to mention that the table was copied by a present-day cabinet-maker from an original which once was part of an old Paris home in the days of Louis XV. The dominating features were therefore the sinuating curves typical of that period, and the paneling of the wall was severely rectangular, yet there is no denying that the setting was one of particular charm doubtless due to the curves contrasting with straight lines.

Again, numbers of these little desks are especially convenient as dressing tables; proof of which is the fact that they have become more and more popular for this purpose in modern American homes. For if they are not fitted with a mirror it is not difficult to obtain a suitable mirror which may be placed on the wall at a proper height; thus leaving the surface of the desk free for writing.

The decorated surfaces of the small French desks not only revive the designs of quite ancient peoples in the geometrical forms copied from the old mosaics; they also perpetuate the work of many celebrated painters whose art, if better known on canvas, endures equally on some of the original desks which have been preserved in museums and are the models for present day reproductions.

No few of those who have visited the famous collections in France and others such as the Wallace collection in London have seen small desks and other furniture which is readily recognizable as the original models for replicas which has found their way to American homes. And it has to be said that the copies in most cases lack nothing in the matter of skill which is evident with the work of nearly two centuries ago. Such modern work proves that the old-time pride which the ébénistes of the Louis periods exhibited in their furniture still survives in our time.



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Russia, Old or New

(Continued from page 40)

of gaudy novels written about Russia during that period. The Morosoff gallery is a private palace transformed into an art center. The collection of modern paintings is one of the most comprehensive in the world. There are thirty-four Gauguins, an entire room of Picassos and fine examples of almost every well known modern artist. Many of the pictures on exhibition were confiscated by the government from the houses of rich bourgeois who left Russia at the time of the revolution.

The crown jewels are kept in a bank vault and it is quite difficult to obtain permission to see them. The jewels themselves are more impressive for their size than for their quality but they are exciting. Catherine the Great went in for great sprays of jewelled flowers and strings of beautifully set diamonds to adorn her corsage and lace her huge puffed sleeves. The most interesting possessions of the later Romanoffs are the elaborate eggs which they presented to each other at Easter. The eggs, often ten to twelve inches long, were usually made of enamels and gold studded with diamonds. Inside the eggs were different kinds of trinkets, a minute model of the Czar's yacht made of gold, and perfect to the least detail, or a model of the first train to run on the Trans-Siberian railroad. A humorous touch to the collection is given by a pair of binoculars presented to the Czar by the Sultan of Turkey. The glasses are of gold, and rimmed wherever possible, with large diamonds. A more inappropriate and hideous present would be hard to imagine.

There is little café or night life in Moscow. The few night clubs that flourished after the revolution were shut by the government as it was felt that their influence was too frivolous. On the outskirts of the city is the Hermitage theatre, set in a garden where one may sit at small tables and buy soft drinks. On a warm night it is very amusing and pleasant. Opposite the race track is a restaurant, also set in a park where the food is good but very expensive. The restaurant is patronized to a great extent by foreigners living in Russia and by the hated "nepmen" or private traders whose lives are in constant jeopardy. Several times a week races are held at the track and attract a fairly large attendance. The grand stand is rather rickety and the crowd does not rise to any great heights of enthusiasm but they must enjoy the races otherwise they would have been discontinued. The races are all for trotting horses and the government owns all the horses. There is a pari-mutuel betting system that allows only very small wagers. If you are fortunate enough to be accompanied by one of the state track commissioners the chances are you will win some money. The commissioner is familiar with all the horses and, barring accidents, nine times out of ten he can tell you which horse will win. The most successful jockey is an American named Cator whose father was brought to Russia to train horses for the Czar.

There are a few tennis courts in Moscow and they are well patronized. At first the Soviets considered tennis as a game of aristocratic origin and therefore unworthy of their consideration. But they soon discovered

that there were a number of really excellent proletarian players, players who were good enough to send out of Russia to the Olympic games. So now tennis has been honourably admitted to the roster of Soviet amusements.

The Park of Rest and Culture is the playground of the proletariat. A large space beside the Moskva river has been set aside and there on summer evenings the youth of Moscow forgather. The park itself is rather dusty. There are several restaurants that serve the plainest foods, a few propaganda exhibits and an assortment of shoot-the-shoots and simple amusement park diversions. The crowds themselves are the really interesting part of the park. The boys and girls play all sorts of strenuous games many of which seem to involve a good deal of slapping or tripping. The older people wander around more placidly or join round dances. These round dances are the most rudimentary form of communal dancing, yet the delight that the people take in them is quite extraordinary. The music is supplied by an accordion and one of the dancers directs the others. At times more than a hundred dancers form the circle. The young ones skip around lightly, constantly laughing and giggling. The older ones, unused to fun, concentrate as grimly on the simple steps as if their lives depended on it. Their faces are strained and their lips tightly pressed together. Not until the dance is over do they relax in the slightest. Watching the Bolsheviks at play is exhausting to the spectator but it helps one to understand the Russian character.

There are several excursions outside of Moscow that are well worth taking. Hire a car but on no account bring a guide with you. If you do they will lure you into inspecting some Soviet institution that may be a source of pride to them but can only bore anyone bent on an excursion. About half an hour from the city limits is one of the Yousopoff country estates. It has been turned into a sort of sanatorium but the house itself is kept as a museum. The furnishings are interesting and the library is superb. In spite of the luxury of the palace there does not seem to have been any bathrooms or running water. The grounds are neglected but must once have been beautiful. In the opposite direction from Moscow there are several monasteries situated by a river. The monasteries were built from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries and are fine examples of Russian architecture. The grounds around them are excellent for picnicking and the bathing is good if you don't object to undressing in rather inadequate shrubbery. Further away from Moscow is the "Silver Beach." Here a river runs swiftly through lovely country with lush meadows on one bank and a forest of tall, gloomy firs on the other. On pleasant days parties of Russians bring their luncheon and spend the day swimming and lounging on the banks in their typical, unconventional (to us) bathing costumes.

Wherever you may go in Russia there is something intensely interesting to see. You can go down the Volga in a pleasant steamer that stops at Nizhni-Novgorod, Kazan, Samara

and other cities with romantic names that in actuality are slightly less appealing. You can travel through the Caucasus, stopping at the famous watering places of Kislovodsk, Essentuki and Mineralniodi where you can inspect hundreds of sanatoriums where workers spend their holidays at the expense of the state, and then on through Vladikavkaz over the stupendous Georgian Military Highway to Tiflis. You may gaze upon the summit of Elbrus, the highest mountain in Europe, towering above the clouds and the steep sides of beautiful Kasbek, after which every other Russian restaurant has been named. In Tiflis, as in the rest of the Caucasus, the food is plentiful and better than the monotonous fare in the big cities. It will take half an hour to sample all the hors d'œuvres, egg-plant and chestnuts cooked together, plants that taste like licorice, special fish that are to be found only in the river near Tiflis, cheese served piping hot and the sweet Georgian wines. Then you can watch the strange

dances of the myriad peoples of the Caucasus.

If you travel to Turkestan you can see the nomad peoples, the Kazaks and Kirgiz who fling their black yurtas (felt tents) on the wide plains, you can skirt the Aral Sea and go through the desolate Starvation Steppes to Tashkent, Samarkand and Bokhara, the cities that have grown to be myths because of their long isolation from the outside world. The cities where Tamerlane's great buildings still flaunt their turquoise and sapphire tiles for all to see, where the motley crowds of placid oriental peoples wear Arabian Nights costumes and still sit, as they have sat for centuries, cross legged, on little raised platforms, sipping their tea in the shade of a locust tree and where the men have built houses without windows opening on the streets so that their women may not be glimpsed by a profane world.

All this and a thousand, thousand more glimpses of new and old worlds are to be seen in Russia.

Where History Bows to Personality

(Continued from page 10)

the silk glass curtains beneath soft green silk overdrapes.

The bed itself, a lovely antique French piece is a silvery blue-green, decorated with a conventional floral design in shades of rose and gold. The coverlet is also green with a definitely bluish tinge, and a satin covered armchair is of the same shade.

The dining room which contains some of the most interesting of the family relics, is true to the green motif, too. Its draperies are plain green over cream net glass curtains, and the walls are a silvery chartreuse which offsets well the darkness of the Restoration oak furniture. On the farther wall, Mme. Bonaparte has hung the portrait of Jerome Bonaparte's grandfather, the second Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I. The world knows him better perhaps as the little boy who was born in England while his father was in Paris endeavoring to soften the iron heart of the Emperor towards his American marriage. As everybody knows, the softening attempt failed, and the first Jerome was forced to give up his American wife and child, and afterwards became King of Westphalia. His son, however, although warmly received as a young man by the Bonaparte family, was thoroughly American, and married a New England girl. One of his sons, the father of the present Mr. Bonaparte, served France in the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars, the other became Secretary of the Navy in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

An Imperial Eagle which stands on the dining room table is reminiscent of the French service of Mr.

Bonaparte's father. It is one of three such emblems, struck for Napoleon III by E. Barbendienne, and is the only one of the trio known to be still in existence. The other two have been lost for many years. The two white Wedgwood fruit bowls on the court cupboard, however, have their roots in the early American annals of the family and are decorated with the arms of the Pattersons.

Directly beneath the portrait of the second Jerome is a small cabinet which holds a teaset once used by the Emperor Napoleon. It is of beautiful creamy, translucent Sèvres, and bears the bold N and imperial crest of Napoleon. The two graceful green and gold swan vases on top of the cabinet also belonged to the first Emperor.

Mme. Bonaparte's drawing room has strong accents of Chinese blended with the French feeling, and, at first glance, that seems the most striking thing about it. Then the eye begins to seek out details. You are particularly drawn to the corner where the small round portrait of the Infant King of Rome is hanging. This rare and priceless picture of Napoleon's small son asleep was done by Baron Gerard in 1811, four years before Waterloo.

You see the lovely 18th Century pierglass, which balances it on the other wall, you admire abstractedly the rare old Chinese table below, but it is the sad little king that holds the attention. And Mme. Bonaparte, with her unflinching dramatic instinct, has set a bronze replica of Vela's masterpiece, "The Dying Napoleon" beneath the portrait of his frail heir, into whose all-too-delicate hands he had hoped to entrust a dynasty.



Under Cover—BRIEFER MENTION

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- why painted furniture is suitable for bedrooms?
- what three important factors must be accomplished in furnishing an apartment?
- the best colors to use for backgrounds in an apartment?
- how books may best be accommodated in a small apartment?
- the four great style periods of furniture?
- how to distinguish the various period styles?
- what two pieces of furniture are characteristically American?
- how to draw patterns for valances and draperies?
- how to make a French heading?
- how to design and make draperies for arched topped windows and doors?
- how to make and hang portières?
- how to line over-draperies?

If you possessed the knowledge that would enable you to answer the questions in the box above and in the box on the facing page, it would be of enormous advantage to you in many ways. Yet these are only a few of the hundreds of similar questions that you will be able to answer out of your own knowledge when you have completed

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tions in the boxes below can your own knowledge?

DO YOU KNOW

- how to measure windows for glass curtains and over-draperies?
- how to make a festoon drapery?
- how to make a cascade drapery?
- how to make and hang Dutch curtains?
- how to treat mullioned windows?
- when to use Venetian blinds?
- how to attach rings and hooks to draperies and portières?
- how to make the puffed valance?
- how to make a bed canopy?
- how to cut and hang scarf draperies?
- how to treat a group of three windows?
- how to place rods and poles?
- the proper draperies for a living room?
- the proper draperies for a bedroom?
- the proper draperies for a nursery?
- the proper draperies for a library?
- the proper draperies for a dining room?
- how to select color schemes?
- how to balance a color scheme?
- how to estimate the amount of paint required for a given surface?
- the proper colors for children's rooms?
- the proper colors for north rooms and rooms which are sunny?
- the proper tinting colors and glaze colors?
- how to remove old wall paper?
- how to remove calcimine?
- how to glaze with two or more colors?
- how to stencil wall decorations?
- the proper paint for radiators?
- how to patch plaster walls?
- how to treat stains and discolorations on plaster walls?
- how to hang and paint wall fabrics?
- how to wash walls and ceilings?
- how to make new glazing effects match aged effects?



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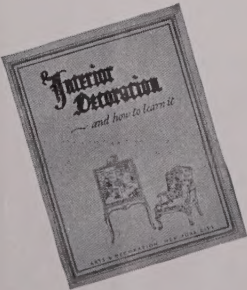
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No. 23

As course approved, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of The University of the State of New York at Albany this 21st day of September 1932

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